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BALLADE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LADIES.

In passionate dead days that were
 Your loyal lovers pledged you keep:
 Royally kind and warmly fair,
 By tavern fire, on castled steep
 Where worms of desolation creep—
 You were the toasts, a gallant show,
 Ladies, too wonderful to weep.
 How ye were loved once, long ago.

Your pictured eyes with smiling stare
 Look from the dealer's gilded heap
 With rose-crowned heads and bosoms
 bare—
 Now is your full tide shrunk to neap:
 No more your stiff brocade may
 sweep

Your stately gardens to and fro:
 White shepherdesses without sheep,
 How ye were loved once, long ago.

Your scented curls of shining hair,
 Gold as the corn grown full to reap,
 Like thistledown to the wide air
 Are scattered; small men peer, and
 peep,
 And pry, and chatter, and make
 cheap

The things you treasured; none shall
 trow
 How your eyes made men's hearts to
 leap,
 How ye were loved once, long ago.

L'Envoi.

Ladies, your beauty sunk in sleep,
 What shall it profit ye to know,
 In the long silence that ye keep,
 How ye were loved once, long ago?

Ethel Talbot.

The Spectator.

ON EXPECTING SOME BOOKS.

To-morrow they will come. I know
 How rich their sweet contents are, so
 Upon their dress let Fancy play—
 Will it be blue, red, green, or gray?
 Sweet Books that I have oft heard
 named,
 And seen stand up like blossoms
 framed,
 Through many a common window
 shown—

When I was moneyless in town;
 But never touched their leaves, nor
 bent

Close to them and inhaled their scent.
 They'll come like Snowdrops to a Bee
 That, tired of empty dreams, can see
 Real flowers at last. Until this time,
 Now on the threshold of my prime,
 I did not guess my poverty:
 That none of these rich books, that lie
 Untouched on many a shelf—save when
 A housemaid, dreaming of young men,
 And music, sport, and dance, and dress,
 Will bang them for their dustiness—
 That none of these were in my care;
 To-morrow I will have them here.
 Well do I know their value; they
 Will not be purses found, which may
 Be full of coppers, nails, or keys—
 They will not disappoint, like these.
 O, may their coming never cease!
 May my Book-family increase!
 Clothes, pictures, ornaments of show,
 Trinklets and mirrors—these can go
 Outside, that all my Books may be
 Together in one room with me.

William H. Davies.

The Nation.

THE LADY POVERTY.

The Lady Poverty was fair:
 But she has lost her looks of late,
 With change of time and change of air,
 Ah, slattern, she neglects her hair,
 Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no
 state,
 As once when her poor feet were bare.

Or, almost worse, if worse can be,
 She scolds in parlors, dusts and
 trims,
 Watches and counts: oh! is this she
 Whom Francis met, whose step was
 free,
 Who with Obedience caroled hymns,
 In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
 Not among modern kinds of men;
 But in the stony fields, where, clear,
 Through the slim trees, the skies ap-
 pear,
 In delicate spare soil and fen,
 And slender landscape and austere.
Alice Meynell.

FOREIGN POLICY.*

Men who talk about foreign policy very rarely make it clear to themselves what they mean by that expression. A person is considered an authority on foreign politics who is acquainted with the various social, political, and religious forces which shape the course of different nations. This is an inadequate conception, and has the mischievous result of making those who have no knowledge of the life, character, and literature of other countries take up an attitude of indifference towards questions of vital national importance. Foreign policy, in its absolute sense, is the precaution taken to preserve national existence. In a secondary sense it includes the preservation of certain great interests important in themselves, but whose destruction need not necessarily involve the loss of national independence. Foreign policy is mainly determined by geographical considerations. Frederick the Great expressed his foreign policy in three words when he said with reference to his kingdom that it should be "Toujours en vedette." The necessity of maintaining an army able to hold its own against the combined forces of neighboring Powers was a vital question for Prussia, and is now of equal importance to the German Empire. The foreign policy of the Court of Berlin is complicated by the Polish question, but in any case the maintenance of a great army would be absolutely necessary. Like the British Navy, that army is a guarantee for peace and a weapon in the hands of German statesmen enabling them to prevent an alliance, such as now exists between France and Russia, from losing its de-

fensive character and being transformed into offensive action.

The study of French foreign policy is particularly instructive. Under the Princes of the House of Valois and later under Richelieu it was directed to maintain the integrity and vitality of the nation threatened by the preponderance in Europe of the Arch-House of Austria. This end was definitely accomplished under Louis XIV. That monarch aimed in his turn at supremacy in Europe, and from his day to 1870 French statesmen kept before their eyes the secondary rather than the primary object of foreign policy. Louis XIV. might have succeeded if he had obtained command of the sea. He might have done so by taking advantage of the maritime struggle between England and Holland, with the result that France must have obtained an Empire more vast than that over which King Edward VII. now reigns. The true policy of Louis XIV. was to assist the Dutch until they had completely defeated the English at sea, and then by means of the military superiority of France to reduce Holland to subjection. Louis XIV., however, could not resist a premature attempt to conquer the Netherlands. In so acting while England was still powerful, he tried to take the second step before the first, as Frederick the Great used to say of Joseph II. His action in this respect was afterwards followed by the Convention and the First Consul. On each occasion England was able to form a coalition against the aggressor and considerably increase her power and influence. This lesson has not been lost, and it is pretty safe to prophesy that in future no serious attempt will be made on Holland until the power of England is broken.

* This article was completed and corrected by the late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett only a day or two before his lamented death.—[Ed. F. R.]

Austria has also a traditional foreign policy, which is an extremely clear illustration of how the external relations of a country are directed by conditions of national existence. Adherence to that policy through centuries has enabled the Empire of the Hapsburgs to survive grave disasters even when, as was often the case, its fortunes were in feeble hands. Austrian monarchs and statesmen, from the days of the Emperor Maximilian I., have held the doctrine that it was absolutely necessary to secure allies for their Empire in order to provide against the strong disintegrating forces within its borders certain to be let loose in the event of a disastrous war. These alliances at various times maintained the Austrian power in Germany and in Italy. In the days of Prince Eugene and throughout the earlier part of the eighteenth century Austria held fast to alliance with the maritime Powers, England and Holland. By means of this combination, not alone Belgium and Italy but all the dominions of the Arch-House were successfully defended. In the struggle between Maria Theresa and Frederick the Great, Kaunitz was able to form a coalition of the whole Continent against Prussia. That coalition was a masterpiece of policy, and although it did not succeed in crushing the heroic King, it undoubtedly placed the Austrian Monarchy on a steady foundation. The policy of Metternich in 1813, when he formed the alliance with Prussia and Russia, was inspired by the spirit of Kaunitz and Eugene. When the political and social earthquake of 1848 shook the foundations of the Austrian Monarchy the alliances which Metternich had made with the northern Powers preserved that Empire from destruction. If King Frederick William IV. of Prussia had accepted the Imperial Crown of Germany when the offer was made by the Parliament of Frank-

furt in 1849, and if the Tsar Nicholas I. in the same year had not marched his troops into Hungary to quell the insurrection which had broken out in that country, it is more than doubtful whether the long-threatened disruption of the Austrian Empire would not have taken place. The refusal of Frederick William and the action of Nicholas were the outcome of the system of alliances. Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, the last of the great Austrian statesmen, carried on the tradition, and when, for the misfortune of his country, he died suddenly in April, 1852, the alliance between Austria, Russia, and Prussia was the cardinal fact in the European situation. The period when Austrian politics were dominated by the spirit of Prince Eugene, Kaunitz, Thugut, Count Phillip Stadion, Prince Metternich, and Prince Schwarzenberg lasted some 150 years. The firmness with which this policy was maintained explained the general success of Austria, even when fortune did not smile upon her arms. All these statesmen perfectly realized and less intelligent politicians instinctively felt the weakness of the Austrian State. The peculiar combination of nationalities, the dearth of administrative talent caused by the obscurantism which on plea of heterodoxy drove talent from the country, the unsatisfactory military organization which often led to the defeat of the splendid Austrian soldiers, all combined to make intelligent and able advisers of the Crown convinced that the Empire could never undertake a desperate war such as might be waged by a compact nationality. The most striking example in modern history of the resisting power of such a nationality was given by Prussia under Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War.

Whenever Austria has departed from her great traditional policy she has always suffered. The line she took un-

der the guidance of Count Buol during the Crimean War is a striking instance in point. At that time Austria had the opportunity of supporting Russia by taking up a position of absolute neutrality. On the other hand, she might have joined the Western Powers and formed new alliances. She did neither one nor the other. In April, 1854, she concluded a treaty of neutrality with Prussia. In the following December she joined the Western Powers, but gave them no effectual diplomatic assistance till after the fall of Sebastopol. Austria endeavored to profit by the quarrel between Russia and the Western Powers, and to play off one party against the other. She consequently found herself isolated and distrusted in Europe. Solferino and Könniggrätz were the results. Those who have now the conduct of Austrian affairs might do well to lay these lessons to heart.

Italy is another instance showing that the foreign policy of a country is determined by circumstances beyond the control of men, and which have nothing to do with sympathies and antipathies. The governing interest of Italy lies on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Political changes in the Balkans may have a vital effect upon her future. The traditions of the ancient Republic of Venice are interwoven with the pressing forces of the hour. It is impossible for Italy not to look with eager eyes on all projects for bringing her into railway communication through Albania with the southern provinces of Russia. The aspirations of Italy towards the East are excited by romantic memories. The greatness of the old Republics of Genoa and Venice inspires her efforts for the recovery of supremacy in the Levant. Italians have not forgotten that the Genoese were the first who developed the silk trade from the recesses of Asia and opened counting-houses in Constan-

tinople, where the Tower of Galata perpetuates their memory to this day. The fourth Crusade, which established the position of Venice in South-Eastern Europe, is a sacred memory for educated Italians. But in striving for her position in the East, Italy is not merely prompted by memories of the past. The attention of her people is drawn eastward by the calls of trade. They are deeply interested in the proposed scheme for lines of railway connecting the Danube with the Adriatic. Facilities of communication would enable them to establish a flourishing trade between Italy, the Danubian States, and Southern Russia. They look forward to the opening of new and profitable markets for their fruits and their wines and other products of their industry. They expect large profits from the import of oil from Southern Russia, corn from Roumania, and cattle from Servia. They even entertain the hope that their country may serve as a distributor between Europe and the East, and secure the transit of French goods by the Simplon to Venice and thence to Southern Russia. The vital question, therefore, for Italy is her position on the Adriatic, and hence it is a matter of commanding importance to her that Trieste should not become the naval base of an aggressive Power.

Like the foreign policy of every other country, that of England has been determined by her geographical position. It has been shaped by the one fundamental fact that Great Britain is an island. Her national existence depends therefore on supremacy at sea. This was an accepted doctrine when the present English nation was being formed by the Plantagenet Kings. As time went on it became an axiom that in order to secure this naval supremacy it was advisable that the Low Countries should not fall into the hands of any great nation. English statesmen thoroughly realized this

truth in the days of the Tudor monarchy. The first great Foreign Minister of modern England was Cardinal Wolsey. He adumbrated the policy which obtains to this day. The great Cardinal aspired to be the peacemaker of Europe, and to make the interest of England in peace the law of the world. This has been the governing idea of every English statesman from Wolsey to Palmerston. Their action was invariably determined by two doctrines—the maintenance of a strong naval force, and combined action with such countries as were for the time being opposed to the domination of a single Power on the Continent. The second of these conditions resolved itself into the determination that the coast facing the south-east of England should not be in the hands of any Power of a really formidable character. The political position of the Low Countries has therefore been for many centuries the primary factor in English foreign politics. This is the case at the present moment, and is likely to be so as long as England remains a great nation.

The revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II. and the encouragement given to the rebels by Queen Elizabeth were the main causes of the conflict associated with the name of the Armada. The war of the Spanish Succession and the brilliant victories of Marlborough were the result of the attempts of Louis XIV. to conquer the Low Countries. The war with revolutionary France originated not from any desire on the part of England to interfere in the internal government of a foreign country, but in the French invasion of the Netherlands and the action of the Government in Paris, represented by the battalions of Dumouriez. No one struggled more earnestly at that time to preserve peace between England and France than the pilot who afterwards weathered the storm. For three years,

from 1789 to 1793, Pitt did his utmost to calm the excitement produced in this country by the atrocities perpetrated in France, and fanned almost to madness by the eloquence and rhetoric of Burke. His powerful voice was judiciously and constantly raised in favor of non-interference. In 1792 he proposed a reduction of the military and naval estimates. He refused to accede to the policy of the Allied Powers at Pilnitz. It was only after it became clear that the annexation of the Netherlands was the object of French endeavor that Pitt made up his mind to draw the sword of England. When, at the dawn of the nineteenth century, the Peace of Amiens was concluded, the First Consul refused to evacuate certain places of strength in the Low Countries. French writers of learning and distinction long maintained that the resumption of hostilities in 1803 was caused by the unwillingness of England to evacuate Malta. Even M. Sorel, the most recent of the great French historians of the Revolution and the Consulate, held this view. M. Coquelle, however, has demolished it once for all. The letters he has published of Andréossy, the French Ambassador in London during the Peace of Amiens, prove that England would not have interfered with the general policy of Bonaparte if he had kept his hands from the Low Countries, and on that condition was ready to evacuate Malta. In 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, the policy of Lord Castlereagh in endeavoring to form the United Kingdom of Holland and Belgium was animated by the same spirit as that which guided Wolsey, Elizabeth and Pitt. In 1830, when the disruption of the Kingdom of the Netherlands had become inevitable, Lord Palmerston, in working for the formation of the Kingdom of Belgium, was governed by the same motives, and simply varied the means to secure the unity of the end.

That end was to prevent the acquisition of Flanders and Antwerp by France.

This idea of maintaining the independence of the Low Countries, which dominates quite unconsciously the mind of England, has led her to ally herself with those nations interested in maintaining the existing state of things on the Continent, and to look askance at any aggressive Power. It may be dimly seen in the misty dawn of our history, but becomes very perceptible in Tudor times, when the shadow of Charles V. fell upon Europe. States were forced to make combinations in the interests of self-defence. These combinations were formed in view of maintaining what was called the "balance of power." They were the salvation of European international society. From the days of Louis XIV. to the time of the Franco-German War France was the dominating Power on the Continent. This circumstance, and not any hostility on the part of England, was the cause of chronic friction between the Western nations. All through the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the conflict of interests and the perpetual wars, almost all the great statesmen of England desired peace with the formidable neighbor across the Straits. Many Frenchmen are still under the delusion that Lord Palmerston was an enemy of their country, yet I believe it was he who invented the words "entente cordiale"; and it is perfectly plain that during the whole reign of Victoria, France and England would have been on the best of terms if the former had not been always, and often justly, suspected of a desire for territorial aggrandizement on her north-eastern frontier, and a wish to extend her sway along the coast opposite the south-eastern shore of England.

The relations of England with the Second Empire also afford a good illus-

tration of British foreign policy carried out by Lord Palmerston with the subconscious approval of the whole nation. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte practically restored the Empire by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, although he did not assume the imperial purple for a year afterwards, Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary. Taking the view that it was not the business of England to meddle with the internal affairs of France, Palmerston was eager in demonstrating his adherence to this doctrine. He lost no time, therefore, in instructing the British Ambassador in Paris to notify acceptance of the situation. On the pretext of precipitate action and slight to the Crown, he was driven from office by Queen Victoria. The English people, in spite of their loyalty to their Sovereign, instinctively felt that Lord Palmerston was right, and the preponderating influence which he afterwards acquired over his countrymen may be traced back to that episode. His point of view was ultimately accepted by all parties in England, and as long as the French Empire refrained from aggression the preservation of cordial relations with France was the aim of British statesmen.

Unfortunately Napoleon III. and indeed the French nation were continually turning their eyes towards Belgium and the Rhine, and a change of frontier in that direction became an object of feverish anxiety, even before the Prussian victories of 1866. When the Schleswig-Holstein question came to the front in 1863, the Emperor of the French made it a condition of joining England in support of Denmark that the former country should give a guarantee that France should acquire territorial aggrandizement on the Rhine when peace was concluded. With due regard to the independence of Belgium, Lord Palmerston was not indisposed to give this guarantee, but others,

especially Lord John Russell, absolutely refused. This revelation of French ambition was probably the determining cause of the spoliation of Denmark, and is responsible for the long train of evils which have followed from that event and for other threatening dangers in a future not remote. Again, in 1868, when the French Government endeavored to acquire possession of the railway system of Belgium, the English Foreign Office, though no longer in the firm hands of Lord Palmerston, took energetic steps to prevent such a consummation, and the action of Lord Clarendon on that occasion further illustrates the persistent policy of England as regards the Low Countries.

After the question of national existence, however, the foreign policy of a country is determined by certain great interests not always or even generally of a purely material kind. Racial and religious sympathies play often a determining part, as for instance, in the case of Russia and the Slavs and Orthodox Christians of the Balkans. English determination to abolish the slave trade and her sympathy with the Italian cause were also not prompted by material interests.

The great struggle between France and Germany for the domination of Italy in the closing years of the fifteenth century destroyed all political activity in that country. Italy became hopelessly feeble and a prey to various foreign States. Of these Austria was the most important. During the eighteenth century she had been supported in Italy by Great Britain. This was at the time of the struggle of England against the supremacy of the House of Bourbon, and as a prince of that House was on the throne of the Two Sicilies, British influence was brought to bear on the side of Austria in order to paralyze the influence of France. After the fall of Napoleon

Austria gradually became supreme throughout the whole peninsula. A wooden system of repression spread over Italy, supported by the Great Powers. This provoked dangerous revolutionary movements. Secret societies were formed and flourished. Such works as *I mei Prigionî*, Silvio Pellico's touching story of his prison life, which was used as a book to teach children Italian, made a deep impression on the mind of Europe and particularly of England. English enthusiasm was excited for Italy and her cause. Lord Palmerston, who loved that country and was deeply versed in her literature, became Foreign Secretary for the third time in 1846. Until that moment no real progress had been made in the liberation of Italy. The spasmodic revolutionary efforts of 1830 were quickly crushed by the power of Austria. Various other insurrectionary efforts were made and proved hopeless. About the time that Lord Palmerston reappeared at the Foreign Office in 1846 other events took place which worked together for the Italian cause. One was the election of Pio Nono to the Papacy. This Pontiff gave an impetus to the movement, which he himself neither understood nor desired. The second was the rise of Garibaldi as a revolutionary hero. But final success could not have been achieved if it had not been that the little Kingdom of Sardinia was gradually prepared for its mission by Cavour. Lord Palmerston used his great experience in the cause of Italian liberty with a skill and a judgment which were the admiration of the best intellects of his time, and have helped him to his brilliant position in history. He was considered at Vienna as an arch-enemy of Austria. In reality he was a discriminating friend, and his most earnest desire was to make Austria realize the danger she was running by her defiance of Italian opinion. Cavour at the same time was com-

ing to the front, and in 1852 acquired the first place in the Councils of the King of Sardinia. After the war between Russia and the Western Powers broke out he strengthened the position of his country by joining the military forces of his King to those of England and France in the Crimea. The conduct of Austria at that time, as I have already stated, lost her the sympathies of both the contending parties, and her subsequent obduracy and purblindness led to her defeat in 1859 and ensured the triumph of the Italian cause. The more men study that question the more clearly they will perceive how the conduct of Lord Palmerston was the true expression of the convictions and feelings of the English nation. A state of things existed in the peninsula fraught with danger to society. The efforts of Lord Palmerston were directed towards the establishment of freedom, order, and law. With this object he fostered by every means in his power the growth and development of the little kingdom of Sardinia, which alone seemed to him to offer a prospect of leading the Italians to the goal which he desired they should reach in their own interests and in those of England and of mankind. He sent Lord Minto on a mission to the peninsula with instructions to encourage those States who had inaugurated reforms and to express publicly the disapproval of England at the interference by foreigners with Italian progress. When the storm burst in 1848, he denied the right of Austria to appeal to the Treaties of 1815 as the title deeds of her Italian possessions. He argued that Austria had broken the compact of Vienna by the seizure of Cracow in 1846, and, furthermore, that she had not kept her engagements to give national institutions to Austrian Poland. He came to the rescue of Sardinia when her arms were crushed by the forces of Radetzky. In all this Lord Palmerston fairly repre-

sented his country. Those who will follow his relations with Wessenberg, the Austrian statesman, who in 1848 most thoroughly realized the gravity of the situation, will hardly fail to see that Lord Palmerston's policy in Italy and elsewhere was not directed in the interests of revolutionary action, but to establish the Governments of various countries on such solid foundations as would secure the Concert of Europe and the consequent balance of power. The foreign policy of England must of necessity aim at the general preservation of that balance, and to achieve that end an English Foreign Secretary must endeavor to keep the country on friendly terms with all European Powers. He must, moreover, do his utmost to promote good feeling between these Powers themselves, and be ever willing and anxious to remove international friction. This may lead sometimes to authoritative interference involving in the last resort an appeal to arms. The latter eventuality should, of course, only be contemplated when the national safety or honor is involved, or when certain exceptionally grave interests are concerned. It is one thing for England to take up the attitude of selfish isolation which made her disliked and despised by other nations, and more than once exposed her in recent years to danger of attack from a coalition, and another to rush blindly or drift heedlessly into wars on every occasion her assistance may be invoked.

The attitude of "splendid" isolation and ostentatious disregard of European affairs, which at one time seemed to be the settled policy of England and found expression in humanitarian phrases and in "graceful concessions," had its roots in selfishness, cowardice, and Chauvinism. The selfish were absorbed in their own immediate interests, the cowardly shivered at the thought of war, and the self-complacent looked down on the rest of the

world. This policy seems now to have been definitely abandoned. The conduct of England at the Algeciras Conference and during the Casablanca incident strikingly revealed an altered attitude. In both cases England was firm, just, and unselfish, and the consequence has been that she now occupies in Europe a position of respect which she has not held for many a long day. Politicians and statesmen, who in various ways form opinion in this country, will do well to steady the national mind on the lines on which it is now moving, and enable Foreign Secretaries of the future to continue on the path chosen when Mr. Balfour became Prime Minister, and which has been followed with marked ability and success by Sir Edward Grey.

Since foreign policy in the absolute sense is the precaution taken for national existence, a steady grasp of this truth will enable statesmen to deal efficiently with all the complicated questions connected with international life. It will make them realize that, as a nation may be forced to take up arms for the defence of its existence, so it must be prepared on occasion to force its will upon an adversary. Those, therefore, who are responsible for the foreign policy of a country must always keep in close communication with those who are in charge of the armed forces of that nation. Bismarck was particularly careful to follow this course. He always kept in the closest touch with Roon, the Minister of War and the organizer of the Army, and with Moltke, who had to wield the sword tempered by Roon. He never took a critical step without making sure that they were ready to support him with the force necessary for probable success. He then without hesitation appealed to what he used to call the iron dice. Bismarck was a man who made but never drifted into war.

M. Delcassé was a marked contrast

in this respect to Bismarck, though he stands out as one of the most remarkable statesmen of the Third Republic. During the difficult times of the Russo-Japanese War, and at such moments as the deplorable episode in the North Sea, M. Delcassé conducted the affairs of his country with the utmost ability and skill. He was not merely an author of the Anglo-French *entente*, but was one of those who laid the foundation for the present understanding between England and Russia. The result for his country has been to restore her to the place in Europe to which she is entitled, and instead of sinking into a satellite of the Central Powers, the *entente* with England has enabled France to acquire recently through the Moroccan arrangement, a position she has not occupied since the peace which terminated the Crimean War. The immediate cause of the fall of Delcassé is not now to the purpose. The real reason which lay at the root of the whole matter was that he had not taken sufficiently into account that André, the Minister of War, was ruining the French Army, and that the administration of Pelletan was making the Navy a mockery and a show. The international financiers in Paris, to whom national honor does not appeal, and the general uneasiness caused by the doubtful condition of the armed forces of the country, exerted so severe a pressure on the Government that Delcassé was deserted by his trembling colleagues at the first rattle of the German sabre. He can now, however, in his retirement, contemplate with satisfaction the complete triumph of his policy. Some of those in England, occupied in various ways with the affairs of State, seem to think that diplomacy and armed force are two different instruments which may be used in dealing with foreign nations. This, I venture to think, exhibits some confusion of thought. Diplomacy appeals to rea-

son, and makes use of arguments of various kinds, but if those arguments fail to impress or are scouted by the nation to which they are addressed, the office and work of diplomacy is ended. There is no alternative for a country whose negotiations have failed but submission or war. The strength of diplomatic representations is always in direct ratio to the force behind. How-

The Fortnightly Review.

ever unpleasant it may be to some persons of soft and tame ideals, the fact remains that force governs the world. Antagonism is the great law that pervades all Nature. A country that gets or deliberately ignores this truth is preparing for itself certain disaster, and perhaps even the extinction of its national life.

Ronland Blennerhassett.

FAKES AND FRAUDS.

Italy has always been the classic soil for fortifications, but in some departments Holland and Paris run her close. Vienna has a specialty for rock crystal and thirteenth-century gold work, Florence and Lucca for fourteenth-century armor, London imitates the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, Constantinople makes Oriental weapons, Madrid Damascus swords, Dresden sculptured ivories, Aix-la-Chapelle pewter plate, Berlin Roman potteries, Amsterdam wrought iron, Rotterdam Indian porcelains, Odessa tiaras and antique jewelry, while Paris is the chief mart and clearing-house for all these products. The methods employed are as various as they are ingenious, and are ever subject to modifications according to increased chemical knowledge and the discovery by amateurs of certain tricks.

Italian bronze statuettes, now also so much sought, are turned out with dexterity and taste in Tuscany, ever famed for bronze casting. It is said that it was from one of these foundries there issued the group of *Virtue oppressing Vice*, assigned to Gian Bologna, which is now the choice treasure of a celebrated French collection. A fine green patina is certainly no longer a proof of age. This is quickly obtained by plunging the piece into spirits of nitre, but this is again as quickly

detected by rubbing with a slice of lemon. But what dealer permits such experiments to be practised before the purchase is completed? Nor have medals and coins escaped. Makers of false money have existed from all time, but they are mere common thieves as compared with their brethren the forgers of antiquities, who combine a love of art with a desire for filthy lucre. Then, too, the art forger finds a moral satisfaction in his labors. As has been remarked, "in addition to any profit that he may make by his skill he has the inward satisfaction of feeling that he has matched his ingenuity against the experience and discrimination of some one who thinks himself an antiquary and has come off victorious." Coins are either copied from real ones, struck from dies purposely made, or else electrotyped. Often they are real coins manipulated, their outlines sharpened and their dates changed to that in demand. But often they have no genuine equivalent and a collector is fooled into thinking he holds a unique object. In the sixteenth century Italians made this a specialty and beautiful objects were turned out, although many were devoid of historical equivalent. They are eagerly bought to-day nevertheless. A modern follower of this school was a German called Becker, who imitated all the beauties

of Greek, the severities of Roman numismatic art. To give his creations a worn look Becker put them into a box filled with iron filings, screwed to the springs of his carriage, and rattled it for miles along the highroad. He called it taking his old men for a drive. Over three hundred types of coin did he thus ingeniously create; there are few Museums that do not harbor some. It is by no means simple to discover when a genuine coin has been restruck with a new impression, one of the counterfeiter's pet devices. It may be that weight and metallic ring get changed in the process, or the edges may show signs of the file used to obliterate traces of the joints in the mould. But all this needs a practised eye and more technical knowledge than the ordinary picker up of bargains can possess. Another favorite trap is to couple the obverse of one coin with the reverse of another, thus producing a piece of remarkable rarity. Here again erudition is needed not to be taken in. And as for the exact copying of medals, the capacity possessed by some men is wonderful. Thus, the Director of the Berlin Museum allowed a man to copy a medal in that fine collection, but when he found that so perfect was the copy that he himself could no longer distinguish it from the original he retained the copy and withdrew the permit.

Adepts as regards erudition and ingenuity are those who doctor up armor. Their output can by no means be acquired for a mere song (the collector's favorite coin), for time and expense has been expended on its production. The graving, chiselling, gilding, damascening, and *repoussé* work are often exquisite, especially that done in France, the patina choice, the rusting admirable, even the wear of time is obtained by the use of hydrochloric acid, which eats away little pockmark holes that oxydize very

rapidly. Galvanoplastm, again, is a faithful accomplice. The armor turned out by Italy is rougher than the French, but perhaps deceives the novice better on this account, as it does look so very old. Lucca shines particularly in the making of swords wonderfully blackened and rusted, these incrustations happily disguising the modern joints and restorations. It is, as a rule, a much ornamented weapon that attracts the Tenderfoot. If he knew more he would look rather for simplicity, for the real thing too often defies the copyist just by its simple elegance of contour. Electricity, too, has made of damascening and *repoussé* a mechanical art, and though every collector will vow that he can see the difference, it is well not to be too trustful of his cocksureness. He is not rarely the first to be taken in.

The same applies to silver. Thus hall-marks, the collector's great standby, are ingeniously transferred from small pieces on to larger, more costly modern specimens. Besides, hall-marks may be copied. Why not? Switzerland makes a speciality of Louis XV. *repoussé* work. Sometimes an addition is made to a really old bit. This is frequently the case with the so-called Apostle spoons: the stem is old, the really artistic portion is of yesterday.

Of course dealers are careful never to have more than one specimen of a fine piece in their window at a time, but whoever is not a bird of passage will note that, say, a week after one particular piece has been sold, its twin turns up in the same place. Apropos of this, a tale is told of some young Frenchmen who at a watering-place picked up for the customary song a bibelot of Louis XV. epoch of charming design. Returned to Paris, they recounted to each other the tale of their lucky find—when lo! upon production, it was seen that each had pur-

chased the facsimile of the other's treasure-trove.

As for Renaissance and mediaeval jewellery, hardly a bit is real except what is in museums. It is not to be bought. In the disturbed epochs that followed the Renaissance, precious stones were broken from their settings and sold to meet urgent needs. The same need for extreme diffidence applies to the pretty bibelots of the eighteenth century, watches, chateaines, bonbonnières. Of modern fabrication, too, is the enamelled jewellery of the sixteenth century. Vienna turns it out to perfection. And so cunning are the makers that, for example, they take care that the ring on which a locket is suspended should show signs of friction, well aware that the buyer who thinks himself 'cute' will look for this indication. As for the peasant jewellery, now so much bought and sought in Florence on the Old Bridge and elsewhere, the genuine is long ago exhausted, for, after all, peasants own but a limited stock. It all consists of clever copies, or more often tasteful combinations of old designs. The stones, too, despite their fine designations, are rarely anything else but those marvellously clever tinted rock crystals so ingeniously made in Switzerland, and sold by the ton if desired. In Switzerland, indeed, the *Arabian Nights* tales of coffers full of uncut precious stones can be realized for a modest figure. As for cameos cut in quantities at Naples, and often copied from good examples, it is related, on the faith of M. Eudel, that to give them the proper tint of age there is nothing like the stomach of a turkey. As soon as a shell has been completed, one of those useful birds is induced to gobble it enclosed in some tempting bait. The chemistry of his digestion does the rest, and the cameo returns to its maker colored an exquisite yellow, such as collectors

think only the action of time can produce. In connection with jewellery, mention must be made of that supposed masterpiece of Greek art known as the Tiara of Saitapharnes, bought in 1866 for the Louvre for £8000, which led to learned discussions among the experts of classical archaeology before it was discovered that this monument of ancient Greek goldsmiths' work was a forgery made by a Russian artificer of enormous talent. This was discovered through the "splitting" of a comrade mixed up in the affair. But the matter is not yet quite settled, because it is still maintained by some experts that in part the tiara is genuine, made up of mutilated fragments. Engraved gems and intaglios are forged *en masse* in Italy. These modern works are put into old settings, and hence the deceit is yet more difficult to establish.

The traps set for collectors are indeed many, and the pitfalls deep. 'Ware ivories; they are generally bone, or, worse still, celluloid aged by the help of tobacco, or of that invaluable handmaiden, liquorice juice. The cracks of age, too, are capable of deft reproduction by plunging the freshly carved piece into boiling water and then drying it before a fierce fire. Another method is to smoke it with damp straw. The heat causes the bone to expand, and in this wise the object gets splits and patina all at the same time. Quite large factories exist for the making and exportation of such ivories. We have it on the authority of a French newspaper that some firms have the effrontery to issue trade circulars saying that "they have a large assortment in stock of old ivories of every epoch, and having engaged an expert staff of workmen, and spared no pains or expense, they are ready to meet all the demands of the trade, who they trust will honor them with their esteemed patronage."

Musicians will assure you that at

least their instruments, above all violins, cannot be counterfeited; that the transparency and color of the varnish, the peculiar warm tone, cannot be obtained except through age and usage and by the use of woods, varnishes and preparations of which the secret has perished. Do not believe them.

There exists in Paris a school of imitators of the finest makers of Cremona. Even Paganini was taken in.

Furniture is the happy hunting-ground of the dealer who here realizes profits in return for small outlay. Let the buyer persuade himself, there is so little old furniture left that most of that sold is either false, or repaired until of the old there remains but little. Gothic, early Italian, and Renaissance furniture can be copied with the greatest ease, common wood is changed into walnut by the walnut's own juice, and the dirt of to-day does not differ in its component parts from the dirt of ages. For the pieces that demand more delicate processes, nitric acid eats away the epidermis of the wood, while permanganate of potash colors what remains. Worm holes are produced in various ways; one is to shoot into the fresh wood with a pistol charged with grape shot. Unfortunately the tell-tale shot remains at the bottom of the hole. But who takes his furniture to pieces to look for such evidence? A worm-eater is a recognized profession, though this was not known to the English magistrate who asked a poor woman what her husband's trade was and got the astonishing reply, "A worm-eater, please your Worship." If a forger is quite unusually honest, he procures the old worm-eaten wood and makes his furniture out of that. It is told that same have even bought up old houses for the sake of their beams and rafters, using the wood to manufacture their wares and getting from the result far more than

the house cost, let alone the fact that the ground on which it stands sometimes remains theirs also. Wood is the counterfeiter's delight. You can do with it what you like, he explains, make it worm-eaten, or put chemically dry rot into carved parts, and since a chisel cannot work on dry rot here alone is strong proof to bring forward to those who doubt the authenticity of an object. One maker beats his old-new furniture with rods and sticks. This is to give it those knocks and scratches which the piece would naturally have received in the lapse of years. Is anything overlooked by these men? Thus in the early nineteenth century, when this craze for old things was not yet universal, fine old carved wood was painted over and some amateurs of taste bought up such carvings to restore them to their pristine state. The dealers, remembering this, have been known to buy up thick old panels torn from wardrobes or coffers, which they mechanically carved in perfect taste and style by the wonderful new carving machines invented by America, afterwards disguising the whole under thick coats of paint, putting the result into the sun to dry so that the wood might crack and the color run into the fissures. Some years are allowed to pass—your dealer on a grand scale is never in a hurry—so that no smell of new paint remains. After this the color is washed off with potash, and the marvellous discovery of fine Gothic or Renaissance carving is revealed before the eyes of the gullible purchaser.

As for Boule, supposed inimitable, it too has found its reproducer, though in this case the celluloid-tortoiseshell can be made to give up its secret. Venice is the great dépôt for ebony inlaid with ivory, and cabinets encrusted with tortoiseshell, once its glory and now in their decadence, are still the joy of travelling Americans on the look-out

for bargains. Buy if the object pleases you, but do not, when you pay your dollars, imagine you are exchanging new lamps for old. As for old clocks, grandfather or other, there is not one genuine in a hundred. It often happens that those who haunt the art shops, above all in hot weather, hear a bang like the discharge of a pistol. This is the wood cracking in the old furniture that is born new. Frames are so exquisitely reproduced that most dealers pass them off with pictures as of the same epoch, and so truly they often are. These frames are worth buying, even when their age is known, if a reasonable price is asked, as they greatly enhance the appearance of a picture.

As for enamels, touch them with even greater care, they can be imitated with such perfection. Restored enamels flood the markets and these restorations cannot be discovered until after the lapse of some years, when the bits added become yellow, unless the object be at once subjected to a bath of alcohol, when the additions placed by the help of gum dissolve, for such additions must be put on cold, the piece cannot be re-fired.

Nor does even glass defy the artificer. In the Museum of St. Germain can be seen Roman goblets, their outsides encrusted with dirt, whose iridescence has been obtained by fish scales fixed upon their surface. Sometimes real bits of iridescent glass film are transferred upon a modern framework. Cologne turns out lacrymatory vases by the gross, not even troubling to copy the old shapes but using the long narrow bottles in which cheap sweets are sold. These are buried in dung, after being smeared with some concoction of which the secret is guarded, and in a little time they issue from retirement patinated and iridescent. Old German and Bohemian glass is also excellently copied in

Hamburg and Paris. Venice too has not forgotten its traditions and turns out its own old wares, only in this case the results are frequently less light and graceful of contour. Still they suffice their purpose, to entice the unwary. And now and again pieces are reproduced so perfectly that there is not a collection but owns some specimen.

Stained glass windows have not escaped. To various contraband methods has now been added the most ingenious, produced by photography upon the glass which, colored by chemicals and mounted in lead, defies detection and poses as sixteenth-century glass, the designs of the epoch being indeed faithfully copied by the all too faithful lens.

Iron work has so recently returned into fashion that the "fake" markets are not yet overstocked; still the raw material is so cheap, and the Italian blacksmith so skilful, that objects in this viler material are not lacking, such as brackets, locks, keys, and above all, door-knockers. In some cases only by breaking an object can its real date be ascertained. The rusty patina is easily produced by burying or damping, only if it is of too recent date it will rub off. Connoisseurs know the old from the new largely by weight. The old is far lighter because it was more beaten by the hand. A Florentine blacksmith has discovered a wonderful patina, whose secret he jealously guards, but what will lead to betrayal of a modern work are the edges that remain too sharp, despite the patina. This results from the fact that iron is to-day bought ready squared, while the old blacksmiths made their own bar iron.

A useful hint. Beware of objects that turn up, say now in London, then at St. Petersburg, after at Rotterdam. I have thus pursued a so-called Raphael half round Europe. The chances are one in a thousand that the

peripatetic piece is false, and unmasked in one centre tries its luck in another. Always exercise a little elementary judgment. For example, do not buy match-boxes of Sèvres dating from the best period, but stop to remember that then wax matches were unknown. Be shy too of the Lille patch-boxes, so rare and costly and yet now so frequently found because they happen to be in demand. And be warned of all Orientals, and, above all, of the Japanese. These people surpass the Occidentals in reducing to a fine art the arts of deception. The Japanese copy their own antiques, so that neither god nor devil could tell the difference. True some of their modern bronzes will not bear cleaning, but even this rule is not invariable. Bearing upon this, the inner history of the modern rage for Japanese color-prints is full of significant admonition. These prints, until Europe took them up, had absolutely no value in Japan. They were merely advertisements pasted into shop windows. A French antiquary visited Japan, not yet a tourist centre. He liked the prints, and bought up every one he could obtain for a trifle. In Paris he showed them to artists, who recognized their skill—a fact a dealer was not slow to note. The next steamer eastward found him on board, and he scoured the islands for these papers, buying all he could. Returned to Paris, he created a boom and a fashion, and sold for banknotes what he had bought for copper. The Japanese, to whom nothing remains hidden, learnt of this deal, and not to be outdone they reproduced these clever prints, adding new and not less charming designs. The copying especially is quite easy. These color-prints are cut on the flat or grain side, not in the hard wood: a print is attached to this, cut clean through, and then printed in color, or more often hand-painted, as labor is so cheap. With

these prints the Japanese flooded the markets, and as hand-painted or hand-printed papers have such a distinct quality, each piece turning out a little different—i.e., not being mechanical reproductions, each became a work of art. Nowadays even experts, Japanese or foreign, dare not venture to sort the real from the imitation. What are more rare, are surimons. Of these usually only twelve copies were made, and they are smaller than ordinary color-prints. Of old for a Daimio an artist was a needful member of the household, and whenever such a noble gave a tea-party, to which the ceremonial number of guests is twelve, he would cause his house artist to make a special print of exactly that number to distribute among his guests. These surimons frequently illustrated a poem by the host.

But to deal with the frauds of the East when it discovers what the West desires, would lead too far afield. The West does enough on its own account, and no branch more than fetiche ware seems to hold out attractions for deception. Even genuine articles are manipulated to enhance their market value. Thus figures are painted on plain Etruscan vases, a trick that demands much erudition. Indeed, pottery of every make is faked or frankly manufactured. Della Robbias and Palissys abound that neither ever saw. A pupil of Bastianini's turned out false Della Robbias in such perfection that an American millionaire, regretting such misplaced ability, offered to provide for him if he would work off his own bat. But those to whom he was profitable would not reveal his name, and vowed he did not exist. Such Della Robbias are generally said to come from a chapel that has been razed, whence the sacristan sold it for a consideration—a likely tale, swallowable only by the greenest, seeing the severity of the Italian laws regarding the exportation

of works of art. Another favorite trick is to wall one of these false Della Robbias into some house which the would-be purchaser persuades the proprietor to remove, the intermediary guaranteeing its exportation without legal complications. At the Export Office its falsity is at once seen. But even this does not open the victim's eyes; he only believes that his intermediary knew how to square the authorities.

In false Palissys the colors are frequently wrong. Palissy only employed four—blue, green, violet, and yellow—and the clay is varnished, not enamelled. The heavy clays and thick glazes employed in Italian faïences of the good epoch—Gubbio, Pesaro, Urbino, Montelupo, and so forth—lend themselves with particular ease to imitation, and even the metallic reflections of Maestro Giorgio have found their modern equivalent. Cantagalli and L'Arte della Ceramica—with no intention, however, to deceive—turn out lustre-ware with metallic reflections that would not discredit the older masters. These new wares, their trade-mark cunningly erased, may any day be palmed off on the ignorant. The French potteries, too—Rouen, Strassburg, Nevers—now *en rogue*, are copied on a vast scale. It is stated that the manufacturers choose as their tools very young workmen, in order that their hesitancy and inexperience of touch may pass off their productions as those of a more naïve epoch. For this branch, too, there are illustrated catalogues and price lists, from which the new-old can be ordered at pleasure. Then there are those who having acquired by heredity or purchase the old moulds, use them frankly to reproduce, in the exact sense of the term, ceramics of a certain style. But, with rare exceptions, these men honestly give forth their wares for

what they are; thus, the man in Paris, who turns out *Capo di Monte*. It is not his fault if his piece falls into the hands of those who erase his mark and substitute the real. And *Capo di Monte*, at the best, is one of the hardest classes to distinguish. There are some men, says M. Eudel, who send out price lists where a distinction is made between goods fresh from the kiln and an extra A1 quality merchandise antiquated. These goods bear all the requisite fissures, chips and patina.

Sèvres and Dresden innocently helped the counterfeiter by selling their not yet decorated pieces, if imperfect, for a trifle. On this genuine ground the forger worked with ease. This traffic has been stopped. Still the forger knows no obstacles or overcomes them, and false Sèvres and Dresden are supplied by all dealers, and the purchaser rarely has the minute knowledge that will save him. For instance, a monogram will be quite correct on a Sèvres piece but it may be that of a flower painter, while the piece shows a landscape and such minutiae the more, which only the true amateur would discover. But true amateurs are few, and the public that buys porcelain is legion. As a rule there is some such trifle that the forger has overlooked, but it is very rarely that he gets found out. He can count with much impunity on public ignorance. He tries, too, in every way to avoid these slips and really studies his subject. As for Oriental porcelains, in the eighteenth century these were openly made in England and Holland, and sent to China for decoration whence they returned as real China porcelain. Or the reverse process obtained, the porcelain was made in China and decorated in what was presumed to be the Chinese style in Europe. Paris at the present moment makes and exports old China porcelain,

and many a tourist who buys a find at Hongkong or Shanghai, merely brings back coals to Newcastle. Rhodian plates are made near Paris in absolute perfection. Except as a matter of sentiment there is no need to seek the old. Be cautious, too, in buying Greco-Roman pottery. It is mostly made at Naples.

The China marks by which the learned swear are often most misleading. New types have been created *ab ovo*. This is perhaps how it is done. Mind my tale is only an apologue. A certain Italian dustman finds in his rubbish a broken blue vase. He examines it, sees that it is pretty and that underneath is some mark not very clear. He sells it to a smart friend--a coster. A greenhorn, on the look-out for those bargains tourists fondly imagine lie about on the coster barrows of the Peninsula, turns over the stock. "See this," says our clever coster, who has gauged his prey. "A very fine piece, Sir, broken it is true, but I've mended it. It was worth it. Note the mark. A real Ching Ching." Our tourist never heard of Ching Ching, but does not like to betray ignorance. He bargains for the vase, offers a third of the price asked, and then exultantly shows his treasure to a friend also an amateur who also will not admit his ignorance of the Ching Ching mark. The myth grows, at last even a dealer is enrolled, and finally the worthless piece gets knocked down as priceless in some auction room. Was not a common glinger jar thus disposed of for a vast sum? One such vase, claimed to be Roman, was disputed about by the learned who interpreted its inscription "M.J.D.D." as "Magno Jovi deorum deo." It was some time before it was deciphered correctly as "Moutarde Jaune De Dijon."

This and our fable are typical. But, collectors, be consoled. You have your

amusement and often a really pretty object. Let that suffice. Most of the genuine things were snapped up long ago, or else are owned by museums or by the heirs of those for whom they were made and who do not need to part with them. Besides, there is a reverse to this obverse. Genuine objects have been stigmatised as false by experts. But this is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. It is not such a simple matter to separate the sheep from the goats.

And is there nothing that is genuine, nothing with which tricks are not played? readers will ask despairingly. Very little indeed, but there are two departments in which fraud is almost impossible, though what is true as I write may be false while I go to print, and these are tapestries and stuffs. Tapestries do not lend themselves to sophistications, though a firm in Venice is doing fine work which may in time take in experts. So far the only fraud possible was to revive the colors which time had faded, but these superimposed colors soon fade. They are generally mineral preparations, while the old were of vegetable origin, firmer, and less hard of hue. Or pieces are sewn in and dirtied, but this, too, can be unmasked. New borders are frequently added to old tapestries that have lost this ornament, and special factories exist for this purpose, but a difference of grain cannot be avoided. As for copies, especially painted copies, they shout their spuriousness from the house-tops. As regards stuffs, these can be imitated in the matter of design and vegetable dye, but the difference of make is so fundamental that it begins from the manner in which the silk is treated on unwinding from the cocoon. The present more rapid but mechanical methods deprive it of a certain portion of its velvety lustre, of its bloom. Ancient silks are rougher, less even, but they had a compensation

in artistic quality, in a certain suppleness that has vanished. Dealers attempt to give a used look to new and often well-copied stuffs; they stain, damp, and tear them, but only the most superficial observer is deceived, and as the purchasers of these materials are more often women than men, and dealers declare that it is not so easy to cheat women, these little frauds are frequently of no avail. Modern industry and ingenuity can do much, but stuffs so far have escaped intact. A proof of this can be seen at Fontainebleau, where hangs the famous silken piece the city of Lyons gave to Marie Antoinette as a wedding gift, called *l'étoffe aux perdrix*. The Empress Eugenie desired a copy of this marvel, and though no pains were spared to satisfy her caprice, the result will not bear comparison with the original. The technique of the hand loom and of the machine cannot be confounded, as also the modern ways of treating the silk in the raw.

And now, what is the moral to be drawn from all this? for, like an old story-book we must draw a moral. First and foremost our advice to the would-be buyer is this: Do not trust to your own judgment and untrained eye; remember that this is a business like any other. Be wary buyers, be suspicious, be sceptics. By all means buy what pleases you for its beauty.

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what appeals to your taste; but refrain from assignation of authorship unless you are more than sure whence your art treasure had its origin, and even then leave a place in your mind for a loophole of doubt. Enjoy your treasure-trove for its own sake, just as we love our friends for their own sakes, and not for that of their ancestors, and do not feel that the value of your lovely object is enhanced because it is assigned to Tom instead of Dick. Only of the authorship of quite a few works of art can the world be sure. Did not Raphael employ an army of pupils and assistants? Does not every sculptor do the same? Michael Angelo's Sistine chapel frescoes are undoubtedly from his own hand and brain, but even here allowance must be made for re-touching, repairing, repainting—all inevitable, for works of art are not exempt from Nature's universal law of change and decay. "What is the last word of art?" was asked of the French critic, Saint Beuve. "The last word of art," he replied, "is to be found in counterfeit."

Remember ever that such counterfeits exist, are more numerous than the real thing; and remember, too, that, after all, the modern dealer is only the heir of the Barons of old who exacted toll from every passing stranger. If you walk into their domain you must expect to pay your tollage.

Helen Zimmern.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

CHAPTER XXII.

It was, as Mr. Mowbray had prophesied, just such an exquisite evening as the preceding one on which he strolled along the Lovers' Walk at the appointed hour or rather a little before it. He had decided that it would never do at

this stage of affairs to let Kitty wait for him.

He had paced up and down the mossy path two or three times, always being careful to keep in sight of the stile, when at last he saw her appear.

"Good!" he said, coming to a halt.

and smiling to himself as he flicked away a fragment of moss which had attached itself to his sleeve.

He had driven himself over in the Herliots' dog-cart, which he had put up at the Crown, and then leisurely walked across the fields to the trysting-place. He was quite ready for Kitty—was she equally ready for him?

She advanced, looking about her in an agitated, not to say alarmed, way; he let her get quite close to the stile before he showed himself.

"I've been waiting ages," he said, extending his hand to help her over.

"It's only just six," said Kitty.

"I have been meditating mournfully on Browning's lines," he went on—"Never the time and place"—you know them?"

"Yes," said Kitty, reddening. She was now on the hither side of the stile, and he turned, walking with her up the path again, quoting the lines in question under his breath—

"Never the time and place, and the
loved one together,
This moss how soft to pace, this May,
what magic weather—

(It isn't May, yet but that's a detail—)

Where is the loved one's face?

I have asked myself that question a dozen times at least."

Kitty was tongue-tied. She was not prepared for what seemed to be such an abrupt coming to the point. They walked on for a few moments in silence. A thrush was singing overhead; the first primroses, still in bud, were peeping out from among tufts of crinkled leaves; the wood anemones were in full bloom—Mowbray stooped and picked two or three, smiling to himself as he did so.

"They are so pretty," said Kitty, instinctively snatching at what she thought a safe subject. "It's a pity they die so soon."

"They require very delicate handling," he rejoined; "they remind me of you."

"Like the roses," cried she, with a little laugh; then catching herself up, suddenly. "Do I require delicate handling?"

"Very; I am hesitating how to begin."

"I don't think you generally hesitate much," remarked Kitty with her eyes on the ground.

"That's true," he admitted.

A silence ensued, during which the girl's heart beat fast. The remembrance suddenly flashed across her of her former dream in this very place, of a hero to come—a hero whom her fancy had constructed much in the likeness of the man at her side. Was it some premonition of her fate which had inspired her? Here was the tall figure, here were the keen eyes, here, in particular, were the long artistic hands. Her dream lover was to have been an artist—well in temperament though not by profession was not Mowbray eminently artistic? Did the inner man also correspond to her ideal?

Looking up timidly, she met his eyes.

"Well?" he inquired, "what is the result of your meditations?"

"Meditations are private things," said Kitty, with an effort to speak in her ordinary tone.

"Are you wondering if you can trust me?" he went on.

"Not exactly," faltered she.

"You do ask yourself that question sometimes though, don't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Well," he said, "some people would tell you I am not to be relied on."

Kitty roused herself at this.

"So you said when we first met," returned she, with spirit. "I am quite willing to take the fact for granted."

"Nevertheless," he resumed, looking at her boldly. "I think *you* trust me; otherwise you wouldn't be here. As

you say, there is no use harking back to our starting-point. Our intimacy has made strides since then. We may speak out our minds plainly. I am going to speak plainly to you now."

"Are you?" asked Kitty, trembling a little.

He had stopped short and turned so as to face her. He leaned forward now, dropping his hands lightly on her shoulders.

"I am going to tell you point-blank that I love you," he said gravely.

Kitty, too, stood quite still, flinching a little under his touch and without daring to raise her eyes. So the moment had come—the great moment about which she, like other girls, had often vaguely speculated. She ought to feel overpoweringly happy, ecstatic even; no doubt that would come by-and-by; just then she was only bewildered, and very much abashed.

"I don't know you, yet," she stammered, after a pause.

"You shall learn to know me," said he. "You shall learn to know love. You don't know what love is now, Kitty."

"I suppose I don't," faltered she.

She felt her answers were lame and flat, and told herself that he must think her a very school girl. She stood, looking constrained and awkward, her hands hanging stiffly by her sides, her head drooping. Mr. Mowbray's right hand dropped from Kitty's shoulder, and after a moment's hesitation, touched her chin, tilting her face upwards. He bent towards her, but Kitty divining his intention, sprang back.

"It's too early for that, yet," she cried. "Besides I—I haven't said—I haven't said—"

"I haven't asked you to say anything," he returned; "I am going to tell you some things, and you are going to listen. We are teacher and pupil, remember. You've got to be docile."

He took her hand and, although she made an effort to withdraw it held her fast.

"You must listen," he said. "This is the first of many talks. Let us sit down. Now, shall I begin to explain to you something of this wonderful problem—Love?"

"Yes, but—let me go, please. I—I must think—"

Mowbray went on laughing softly, without relaxing his grasp. "Why, what a baby it is! Are you going seriously to tell me that no one has ever spoken to you of love before?"

Kitty's face changed; her eyes dilated with a sort of terror.

"Must I tell you that?" she asked, almost trembling.

He burst out laughing, and suddenly flung his disengaged arm about her.

Kitty gave a little scream.

"Mr. Mowbray! how dare you? I said I wouldn't allow it."

"You are simply too adorable," he began, but stopped short. His expression changed, and he quickly withdrew his arm as Stephen Hardy suddenly came striding towards them through the undergrowth.

As he halted before them, Mowbray sprang to his feet with a short laugh, but he looked deeply annoyed. Kitty rose also, much confused, and presently, when she stole a glance at Stephen's face, alarmed. She had never seen him look like that before.

"What are you doing here?" he cried fiercely to Mowbray. "This is my land—I'll not have you set foot on it!"

He raised his arm threateningly as he spoke, and Kitty gave a little cry.

"Really, my friend," said Mowbray, speaking lightly, though he turned livid and stepped back involuntarily. "It's not necessary to be so violent, even if I am trespassing."

"Mr. Hardy," gasped Kitty, "I can't understand your rudeness. Why, everybody comes here."

Stephen wheeled quickly, and her eyes fell.

"I know what I am about, Miss Leslie," he said after a scarcely perceptible pause, his voice still harsh. "You've been free to come here; but I won't have you here in such company. You had better go home, now."

"My good fellow," said Mowbray, "I should hardly think it your province to choose Miss Leslie's company."

"It's my business to see that no young girl is in *your* company while I can help it," returned Stephen. "Go home, I tell you, Miss Leslie."

"You'd better go, Kitty," said Mowbray, quickly.

"*Kitty!*" ejaculated Stephen. "Has it come to that already? You've not lost much time!"

"How dare you!" cried the girl, stung by his tone. "No, I shall not go away. I do not choose this gentleman, my friend, to be insulted on my account."

"Then I'll tell this gentleman—your friend—this much," retorted Stephen grimly. "I give him two minutes to clear out. Two minutes. If he doesn't go then I shall do what I'd be sorry to do with you standing by." He drew out his watch as he spoke.

Mowbray gave utterance to a forced laugh.

"This is not a pretty scene," he said, in a voice which shook—with anger, as Kitty thought. "I confess I have no mind to enter into a bout of fisticuffs with a clod-hopper; so I will say 'Au revoir,' Kitty. I'll explain matters to you another day. This fellow has evidently a spite against me."

"One minute gone!" said Stephen.

Without another word Mowbray turned, and walked quickly away, humming a tune, and catching at the leaves of the branches which crossed his path.

Kitty was momentarily taken back at the speedy capitulation, but almost simultaneously came the recognition of the dread such a man would have of a

vulgar brawl, particularly in her presence. With flashing eyes she turned to Stephen; the latter, who had been scornfully gazing after the departing figure of his rival, brought back his eyes sternly to her face.

"Mr. Hardy," she cried, "I will never forgive this insult—never! The fact of our being your tenants gives you no right to interfere with our private affairs, and if you *have* been our friend that should be a reason for you to show me respect instead of—instead of—oh, how could you bring yourself to speak as you did just now?"

She could hardly check her angry sobs, but Stephen seemed unmoved except to greater severity.

"The disrespect was not on my side, Miss Leslie," he said. "And talking of insult—what made you call out just now—just before I came?"

Kitty's eyes drooped, but she presently rallied her self-possession.

"That is a question you have no right to ask, and as for your hint that—that it was Mr. Mowbray who was wanting in respect for me, I can only say you are not speaking the truth."

"Come, come," said Stephen, roughly, "there's no use denying it, Miss Leslie. When a married man and one that's known to be a bad character makes love to a young girl, what is he doing but insulting her? For that matter," added Stephen, with increasing indignation, "'twasn't a very respectful thing to do to ask you to meet him at this time of the evenin'. 'Tis the sort of way a man might carry on with a light-minded woman—not a young lady like you."

Kitty's brain reeled. *Married . . . light-minded.* Even amid the whirl of her thoughts these two words seemed to stamp themselves upon her brain.

"Married!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "It isn't true! He can't be! Oh, I know you are making a mistake!"

"No mistake at all," answered

Stephen. "He was down here for the hunting season two years ago, and I have seen him dozens of times and his wife too—Lady Ellesmere. She's a good bit older nor him, but that's no excuse. There were tales enough about him that time, I can tell you. Since you know so little about him, Miss Leslie, let me warn you he is a man no young girl should be seen with."

Kitty made an attempt to move away, but her limbs failed her, and she dropped upon the ground. Her first indignant impulse of disbelief was checked by the name which Stephen had just pronounced—Lady Ellesmere. What was it that Lady Dorothea Heriot had laughingly said? "Remember, there's Lady Ellesmere to be reckoned with—don't tempt him from his allegiance."

"Don't tempt him," as a light-minded girl might do. No doubt Mowbray himself had deemed himself at liberty to play with—to insult her. If Stephen had not come up at that moment he would have kissed her. She felt ready to sink into the earth with shame. Now that the spell was so rudely broken, she could hardly realize how it had been possible to succumb to it—she who had always held her head so high, who had repelled with so much scorn the honest love of the man who now stood looking down at her with such grave disapprobation.

She buried her face in her hands, and presently he spoke again.

"I know I oughtn't to take so much upon myself," he said. "You think so, any way. But there don't seem to be anybody to look after you. Your father takes no care o' you—an' these new friends of yours—I don't know what kind of folks they can be. So I'll warn you, Miss Leslie, for this once. Don't you play with fire or you'll get burnt."

Kitty, still hiding her face, made no response. She heard Stephen begin to

walk away and then pause, but she did not raise her head.

"There's one thing—I don't want you to think I've been spying on you," he said quickly. "I heard you call out and I thought some one was hurting you—that's why I came."

He was gone. Kitty waited till the sound of his retreating footsteps had died away and then, throwing herself face-downwards on the ground, gave way to the sobs which she had long been struggling to repress.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kitty found, to her relief, the household of the Little Farm taken up with a new excitement when she slowly dragged herself homewards. Mr. Vavasour Raymond had called during her absence, and had, moreover, promised to return on the morrow, when her father had undertaken to read him certain excerpts from the great work. Mr. Leslie had been much pleased and flattered by the visit, and by the admiring appreciation of the younger man, to whom he had, even in this first interview, outlined the general aim of the book. Under Raymond's genial encouragement the scholar had not only come out of his shell, but out of his sanctum, had drunk tea with Bess and their visitor in the girls' sitting-room, and now jubilantly awaited his elder daughter by the little gate.

"It has been a delightful experience, my dear," he said, after relating to her what had taken place. "I scarcely realized till now how absolutely starved I have been for the lack of intellectual sympathy."

"Just what I say!" exclaimed Bess. "Till Teddy came—and Mr. Raymond—one had no one with whom to exchange an idea. Gracious! Kitty, what have you been doing to yourself?"

At this moment she caught sight of

Kitty's pale face and swollen eyes. "I have been having a most dreadful headache," said Kitty, trying to speak lightly, "and I think I must go and lie down now."

"Do, my dear," said Mr. Leslie, who, however, scarcely glanced at her, so absorbed was he in recalling sundry gratifying items of the recent conversation. "Be quite well for to-morrow. We might have breakfast a little earlier. I shall be busy all the morning making selections and preparing notes. I am really quite anxious to know how the main scheme of the undertaking strikes our new friend. He seemed to catch even at the vaguest hint with"—he paused for a word—"with avidity, positive avidity."

He turned, smiling to himself, to re-enter the house, and Bess grasped her sister's arm.

"Come upstairs, Kitty; I'll help you to bathe your head."

She almost dragged Kitty upstairs and into their room, where she double-locked the door, and then, laying her hands on Kitty's shoulders, looked keenly into her face.

"Don't try to humbug me with headaches," she remarked sternly. "You've been simply crying your eyes out. Now, what's it all about? Why didn't you come in to tea? What have you been doing?"

"Oh, Bess!" cried Kitty, bursting into fresh tears. "I can hardly bear to tell you, even you. I'm a wicked, wicked, shameful, good-for-nothing girl! I've—I've been deceitful even with you, but I am awfully punished."

Bess's first impulse was to shake the shoulders that she grasped; but, melting at Kitty's distress, she hugged her warmly.

"Never mind, my own darling sister. You said you would always love me no matter what I did, and I'll always love you; but I can't think what you can have done that's so dreadful.

Still, you have been funny with me, lately—mysterious and queer. Do tell me everything now—I might be able to help you."

But Kitty shook her head mournfully.

"Is it anything about Mr. Mowbray?"

Kitty hid her face on Bess's plump shoulder.

"Bess, I'll tell you—he—he asked me yesterday to meet him this evening in the Lovers' Walk."

"Oh—h—h," said Bess, with a wriggle of excitement; "and did you go? Fancy you never telling me anything about it!" she added, her voice dropping from the high key of delighted curiosity to an aggrieved tone.

"Oh, Bess—yes, I did go. I—I thought—he said he wanted to see me for something very particular, and I thought—"

"You thought he was going to propose?" cried Bess, her eyes almost jumping out of her head. "Well, didn't he? Or did he only make love to you? He's a slippery customer."

"He's worse than that," groaned Kitty. "He's only been playing with me. He's married!"

Bess dropped into the nearest chair.

"Married!" she gasped. Then, with an impulse similar to that which had seized Kitty on first hearing the same fact—"I don't believe it."

"But he is. He's married to Lady Ellesmere—Don't you remember Lady Dorothea saying something about Lady Ellesmere? I suppose she thought we knew she was his wife. No doubt everybody else in the house knew it. But she might have warned me when she saw how the thing was going."

"I don't suppose she realized how serious it was," returned Bess gloomily. "She was entirely taken up with her play, and you know how vague she is at the best of times. Perhaps when she spoke about Lady Ellesmere

Hardy-on-the-Hill.

she meant it as a hint. It was the day he gave you those roses, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "it was the day he gave me the roses."

She began mechanically to take off her hat and to smooth her ruffled hair, Bess watching the reflection of her pale, miserable face in the glass.

"Did he tell you himself?" she asked, after a pause.

"No; Stephen Hardy came up and found us together—I thought he would have knocked Mr. Mowbray down."

"Really!" exclaimed Bess in amazement.

"Yes," went on Kitty, speaking very fast. "It seems that Mr. Mowbray and his wife were both down here a year or two ago for the hunting, and that he—Mr. Mowbray is known to be a very bad man—so Mr. Hardy said."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Bess, still eyeing her sister's reflection thoughtfully. "Well, of course, he must be," she added, "or he would not have behaved so badly to you."

"Oh, I dare say it's all my own fault," said Kitty. "Bess, I feel disgraced—I can't believe it of myself. I've only known the man a little more than a week, and yet I consented to meet him like this on the sly."

Bess suddenly began to giggle.

"I really can't help it," she cried, apologetically. "If it had been *I*, who am constantly getting into scrapes; but you, my sober old Kitty—you who are always lecturing me!"

"I'll never lecture you again," said Kitty. "Oh, I can never hold up my head again. I suppose he thought me the sort of girl that he could play tricks with. He thought I was light-minded," said Kitty, bringing out the word which rankled in her memory. "Every one must think me light-minded—I am sure Stephen Hardy did."

She was hiding her face again, so

that her sister could not see the hot flush which overspread it.

"Pooh!" cried Bess, "who cares a fig for what Farmer Hardy thinks! You mustn't make mountains out of mole-hills, Kitty. Mr. Mowbray is a beast, and has behaved like a beast, so we'll drop him at once, and for evermore; but nobody would think a penny the worse of you if they did know about his meeting you. Half the girls at the Heriots' would have given their eyes to be noticed by him, and *they* knew all about Lady Ellesmere. The world, the great world, is very wicked," summed up Bess with an air of detached and heavy wisdom.

There was little sleep that night for Kitty, but nevertheless she rose early on the following morning. The postman delivered their letters at about half-past six, and she was already dressed and on the lookout for his signal before the familiar knock came. Having listened until the gate swung to behind his retreating figure, she ran downstairs, and discovered the letters in a little heap on the floor of the passage, it being the postman's practice to push them under the door on such mornings as Louise "slept in," which was frequently the case. Turning them over eagerly, yet with a sick feeling of dread, Kitty found the note which she felt would be forthcoming, and at the sight of the bold handwriting on the envelope she hesitated—her actual repulsion at war with the memory of the former fascination. Then she tore it open.

"My adored Lydia," it began—How dare he call her his "adored Lydia." She crumpled the letter in her hand, but, recovering herself, smoothed it out again, and read it to the end. It was a characteristic document, dwelling principally on the writer's regret that their delightful interview had been so rudely interrupted, but ex-

pressing the hope that she would recompense him for the meekness with which he had submitted to its abrupt termination out of consideration for her, by granting him another the earliest possible date. "And this time, my dear child, let us be more careful in our choice of a locality. Let us avoid trespassing on the property of rustic lunatics, and find some sequestered nook where we can be secure from interruption. I fail to realize why the brute who disturbed us just now should have taken me *en grippe*, as I have never to my knowledge set eyes on him before. But perhaps . . . Pray, does your landlord consider himself vested with a proprietary right over his tenants as well as over the house they live in? But, no, I should know my fastidious Lydia better than to suppose she could ever tolerate such egregious insolence. Still, I own I shall be curious to hear what you will have to say on the matter. Do not keep your Beverley waiting too long.

"I am staying another week here—afterwards, who knows? 'The Swan' is not a bad sort of place—I may possibly find myself detained in the neighborhood on business!

"Your faithful Beverley."

Kitty tore the letter into shreds; she could not bear that even Bess should read it.

"I oughtn't to have opened it," she said to herself; "I ought to have sent it back to him just as it was. Oh, what a fool I have been—worse, worse than a fool. I thought he would have guessed that Stephen would tell me. I thought he would have had grace to feel sorry and ashamed!—But perhaps he thought I knew!"

She was so much overwhelmed at this idea, which had not before presented itself, that she was obliged to sit down on the stairs, where Louisa presently found her, when she de-

sended precipitately to atone for her sluggishness.

Then Kitty rose and went back to her room. Bess was still sound asleep, and, sitting down by the window, she gave herself up once more to painful thought.

Could Mowbray have supposed that, knowing his circumstances, knowing, perhaps, not only the fact that he was married, but that his character was such as to render him an eminently undesirable associate, she should nevertheless have wittingly embarked on a flirtation as dangerous as it was wrong?

Kitty searched her memory, extracting small comfort from the process as she recalled one by one sundry acts and words of hers which, though innocently meant, might have seemed to foster the man's belief that she was a hardened little coquette, a plaything fit for no better usage than that he had accorded to her. Well, he should be undeceived now, and that without loss of a moment's time.

It was dreadful to think he was haunting the neighborhood, that he might at any time seek her out, force himself upon her, even in her own home, or, worse still, encounter her at some unlooked-for moment out of doors, when she might lack even the protection of Bess.

She got out her little desk, and with a furtive glance at Bess, who lay with golden eyelashes still fast locked, sat down to write.

Her pen flew over the paper, her cheeks burning the while, and angry tears rising to her eyes to be dashed impatiently away.

She read over the letter, decided that it would do, folded it quickly and enclosed it in its envelope. The missive contained but a very few lines, yet poor Kitty could not more completely have betrayed herself if she had penned a folio.

"Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you that I can never under any circumstances consent to meet you again. You are evidently as much mistaken in me as I have been in you. Until yesterday I was quite ignorant of the fact that you were a married man.

"Yours truly,

"Katharine Leslie."

Had she not been such a very child, so entirely unversed in the ways of

The Times.

(*To be continued.*)

AN OLD SERVANT.

Some ninety years ago—before trains and steamboats, before telegrams and telephones, before omnibuses, lucifer matches, and the penny post, before everything, in fact, that makes life convenient and complicated—there was born at Shrewsbury, in one of those black-and-white striped houses of which some still stand to contribute to the picturesqueness of that charming old town, a perfectly obscure little girl.

Her father had been press-ganged in the days when Bony-Party was the pet scare, not only of all the nurseries, but of most of the households of England. He occupied the humble, useful post of tailor on board the *Victory* at the time of the battle of Trafalgar, and it was characteristic, but unfortunate, that his daughter's recollections and interests were entirely concerned with his tailoring, as an art, and not in the slightest degree with his having practised it on Lord Nelson and the *Victory*.

Charlotte Child—the name of Child will be found on many a tombstone in Church Stretton churchyard, and it may be deduced therefrom that her ancestry was numerous and not ignoble—was early sent, an anxiously conscientious little girl, as she became hereafter an anxiously conscientious woman,

the world, she would have surely known better than to send such a letter to a man of Mowbray's stamp. Being what she was, it seemed to her that her epistle would remove the stigma from her character, and put an effective stop to all further overtures on his part.

She posted the letter herself, and met her father at breakfast, feeling relieved and comparatively calm.

to a dame school in the town. Whether the dame schools of Shrewsbury were generally superior to the other dame schools of that exceedingly dark educational epoch, or whether little Charlotte lighted on a Biddy or a Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt of quite peculiar talents, it is certainly a fact that she learnt how to write a letter which, both in handwriting and expression, would put many a County Council scholar to the blush, and that she had at least enough education to read the *Times* for recreation in the evenings of her old age.

Yet it was not that little Charlotte was clever—unless, indeed, she was clever according to that worst and falsest of all definitions of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. She certainly was, from first to last, eagerly and thoroughly diligent. She walked sedately to school in the plainest straw bonnet with a ribbon, through every kind of weather; and neither climate nor clergyman made church—the immensely cold, dismal, drawling, formal church of the epoch—impossible to her. She was a very plain little girl, but her unlovely face served her well. When the capricious local Lady Bountiful gave all the attractive dame scholars an outfit for

service, Charlotte, now fourteen years old, had to save and sew at home to produce a trousseau, of the harshest material and remarkable for its stern absence of bow or trimming—learning thereby invaluable lessons of thrift, self-denial, and industry.

In her first, small, decent place, she was nursemaid, and set up, be sure, for her infant charges a standard of conduct and neatness wholesomely and impossibly high.

Then, walking one day beneath two ladders, on which stood a couple of house-painters painting a house, one dropped on the Child family Dunstable straw bonnet—Dunstable straw bonnets were costly, and Charlotte had inherited her mother's by right of primogeniture—a large spot of white paint, which the second house-painter suggested could be removed by turpentine.

It would not, perhaps, have been impossible that Charlotte should have fallen in love with the careless idiot who dropped the paint, but, given her character, it would have been of all things the most unlikely, while the suggestion of turpentine in itself paved a way to her heart. She walked out, soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God, with Painter No. 2 for a respectable period; and then, aged eighteen, became formally engaged, receiving from him as a token an immense oval brooch, about the size of a duck's egg, having on the front the faces of two (unspecified) Roman emperors, and on the back a picture of Vesuvius in full eruption and a good deal of the rest of Italy as well.

Then, since means were too small to think of marriage, Charlotte, having given up her first place, answered an advertisement in the *Times*—one of those stately, condescending advertisements in which a Young Married Lady at Brixton expressed herself Willing (but not in the least anxious, under-

stood) to take a thoroughly respectable and well-recommended Young Woman into her service as Housemaid: proposing to give her in exchange for her dutiful service Eight Pounds a year, the young woman to find her own Tea and Sugar.

The worried employers who may now be seen kneeling in rows, as it were, in the columns of the daily papers, imploring the service of female servants on their own terms, have absolutely nothing in common with that perfectly independent and entirely serene little lady who became Charlotte's mistress. She had been a certain Betty Dale, of Fowkes Buildings, Great Tower Street, in the City of London, daughter to a wine merchant, and now the very new wife of a Mr. James Barlow, a thoroughly worthy, respectable, affluent young man (young men were affluent in those days much sooner than they are now) given to blue swallow-tail coats and already to a little stoutness, and having a large, sober, comfortable house, filled with the richest mahogany furniture, in the (then) not wholly undesirable neighborhood of Brixton.

Perhaps Charlotte, curtseying in that pompous dining-room (with a very small hair-cord box, which contained absolutely the whole sum of her worldly possessions, waiting for her in the passage outside), loved that very pretty, brisk, practical, and severely plain-spoken little mistress from the first. It is quite certain, at least, that her own devotedly diligent and dutiful nature soon learnt to profoundly respect and appreciate an employer who never accepted less than one's best work, to whom rust on the intricate steel fenders was as a sin and a sorrow, and the fine polish on the piano—a young Broadwood—was a glory and a joy.

Little Charlotte was just twenty—a couple of years younger than her mis-

tress—and both had still some of the housewifely arts to learn, and learnt them together. The homely head of the maid and the pretty head of the mistress, put together, evolved one day the loveliest patent furniture polish, the recipe whereof is still to be seen in Madam Betty's book and fine handwriting, next to directions for making the Night Cap—a very powerful night-cap composed of a terrifying mixture of wines and spirits, of milk and lemon—of which Charlotte nightly administered a large glassful to her master after Family Prayers; and to her mistress a minute quantity, for company's sake.

It was in these early days, too, that Madam Betty began a war, which she was still waging indefatigably seventy years later at her death, on Charlotte's misuse of the aspirate. Poor Charlotte's intense conscientiousness and heroic efforts of memory never enabled her to overcome a habit of alluding to one of the guest chambers as the Harch-room or to a minor prophet as Abbakuk.

Soon, as she did much fine needle-work for her mistress, she had a little sitting-room reserved for her especial use; and there sometimes, but not very often, she wrote a long, neat letter to the painter-lover, in which she faithfully described the ingredients of the patent furniture polish rather than the feelings of her heart; and dreamt a little over her sewing, all the same, of that small home she would keep for him, which, severely plain indeed, should yet have about it the fragrant peace that lay upon Madame Betty's.

Then, one dark day there came the news that the lover was injured—it might be mortally injured—by a fall from a ladder. Little Charlotte went, trembling and stricken, to her mistress; and Betty, whose sympathy was always perfectly practical, herself packed the maid's few possessions in

the hair-cord trunk, wrapped her in a stout, warm shawl of plaid, and sent her off at once, in charge of a mentally and physically robust cook, to be placed in the next stage-coach starting for the West. All her life Charlotte remembered that cold, bewildered journey; and her strange sensation of unreality—of being, in some sort, a numb spectator of her own sorrows. She arrived too late. Fate and the cruel surgery of that day had done their worst. She stayed in her home six weeks, and then, bidden by her good little mistress, came back to Brixton, in a decent black shawl pinned with the Roman-emperor brooch He had given her and in the family bonnet sadly dyed black, and took up her duties once more.

On the very rare occasions on which she mentioned the subject she owned simply that, though it seemed a little hard to her at the time, Madam Betty's strict insistence that all her work should be done as usual, and all done well, was the truest kindness. Tears made rust-marks on those immaculate fenders, and decidedly hampered her needle as she worked in the afternoons. So she gulped them down with many a choking sigh, until, at last, time had drawn its protecting film over the wound. The lover had been, indeed, the choice of her heart, but not the habit of her life. That life, her care, her interest, her labor, her devotion, were henceforth wholly her mistress's.

It is difficult to remember in these days when inequality of social conditions is resented by the people who profit by it, that in those it was as calmly accepted by the losers as the gainers. The night Charlotte returned to Madam Betty's service the two women first kissed each other when they said Good-night, and never omitted that tender little ceremony till Madam's death. But, not at all the less, Charlotte was always absolutely

and respectfully convinced that Madam was not only the superior creature and a different order of being from herself, but, to come at once to a practical application, that Providence itself desired and expected that for master and mistress should be the fine linen and lace of life, the great rooms rich in solid furniture and noiseless carpets, and for herself the bare boards of a small, severe bedroom, scrubbed to a very exquisite whiteness, a night-cap without the very ghost of a frill, and those wages of eight pounds a year, increasing by degress—they took seventy years to do it—to five-and-twenty.

At an impossibly early hour in the morning Charlotte began her day by descending to the drawing-room—whose beauties of wool-worked sofa, curtains, cushions, and bell-pulls, of Dresden shepherd and shepherdess bowing to each other over a gilt clock on a white marble mantelpiece, Madam Betty had deeply impressed upon her—to dust and clean. No other hand but Charlotte's careful and reverent one was esteemed worthy to polish the large round table where Books of Beauty, very richly bound, "Manfred," which nobody in the house had ever read, and albums wherein Betty and her sisters had pressed flowers and seaweed and written little poems, were arranged in symmetrical patterns, Charlotte alone was entrusted—and deeply and palpitatingly proud to be entrusted—with the keys of the cabinets containing wax roses, china, and Indian ivory fans. Every night she rolled up the curtains—worked in wools by her little mistress in that indefatigable spinsterhood—and, as it were, put them to bed; and every morning she got them up, or, more correctly, let them down.

After breakfast Charlotte headed the line of servants as they came in to prayers, and, with her thin, useful hands clasped on her lap, listened de-

voutly to master's reading of the Scriptures—at the same time managing to have a very keen eye for the short-frocked kitchen-maid, who had a tendency to giggle.

Then Charlotte pressed and folded her master's *Times*—the quaint little *Times* of seventy years ago—and laid out in the hall the coat and the neck-cloth in which, two or three times a week, he went on 'Change to see to the hop trade.

Once, only once, she omitted that important duty, and wept over the omission as she tied herself into that unfrilled night-cap when she went to bed, and lay, worried and awake, thinking of it, half the night. Charlotte was certainly not of that happy-go-lucky temperament which, for the possessor's own comfort, is better worth having than thousands of gold and silver. But, *le monde aux inquiets!* the happy-go-lucky temperament is not good for domestic service, and the servant possessing it would have stayed but a very short time in Madam Betty's household.

A large part of the mornings little Charlotte spent on a flight of steps, preventing the appearance of dust on the top of the huge baldachinos above the great four-post beds, or on the top of a sternly-scrubbed chair, kept for the purpose, dusting the pictures. Both she and her mistress were more than common small—it was the especial age, surely, of the tiny, quiet, determined, domesticated woman, downwards from that great little Lady who at that very moment was gathering the reins of the government of a mighty nation into her capable hands.

At one o'clock it was Charlotte's duty to bring in the dining-room lunch of cake, wine, and sandwiches; as it was her duty also to bring in the nine o'clock evening tea, with the fat tortoise-shell tea-caddy, the little key whereof was in Madam's keeping, and

which was always locked before Charlotte received it back again. It was not certainly that she, personally, was not trusted; her mistress was simply following the universal custom of a day when tea was very little less expensive than wine.

Before Charlotte's six neat side curls—three on each side of the face—were tinged with gray, she had become in all household matters a Chief of the Staff, with Madam Betty as Commander of the Forces, and more zealous for her mistress's cause than the mistress herself.

It was among her many proud privileges in that position to act as lady's-maid on the rare occasions when self-helpful Madam Betty required such an adjunct. The large, ugly, comfortable bed-room, with Madame before the great glass—with its mahogany cap-stands on either side—arrayed in her purple dinner silk and her delicate old lace to dine with the Joneses of Clapham, and the homely maid, with her neat, brief skirts, white stockings and flat shoes, and her plain face eager with interest and pleasure, trying first the effect of this cap or ornament and then of that on Madam's charming little person, form a pleasant picture.

Presently James, in a rich, fancy waistcoat, would come in from his dressing-room and make jokes, which always amused him because Betty never saw them and Charlotte plainly, though respectfully, considered them as a sadly frivolous interruption to really serious and important business. It was Charlotte who put her mistress into her fine embroidered shawl and the carriage; and waited up till eleven to hear how Mrs. Jones and the calf's head, which formed one of the removes, had each been dressed.

The mistress's pleasure and outings were, by proxy, the maid's, and she despaired hardly any others.

What would have been the good of

going shopping when one's clothes and bonnet were of the excellent, sober materials which last years and years; and when, out of eight pounds per annum, one was laying by a provision for old age, besides charitably helping an uncle with a leg chronically stiff, until Madam Betty wrote and said that, stiff or flexible, Charlotte's wages would assist it no more?

As for evenings out—it was not respectable for a decent young woman to be out in the evenings. Charlotte's nightly recreations were to read the *Times*—rather slowly, and shaking her head and curls a good deal over the strangeness of the world—and to knit and sew for some of the many charities befriended by her mistress.

For rest, God had appointed but one day in seven, and should His creatures say it was not enough? Every Sunday morning and afternoon Charlotte firmly ushered the other domestics into a pew in church just behind their master and mistress, and not only saw that they behaved decorously, but insisted—by the simple plan of poking them—that they should audibly join in the responses and the hymns. For herself, she listened devoutly, and got good even from a lugubrious old parson who wept tears over his own platitudes on to hands encased in black kid gloves.

But on Sunday evenings, after the nine o'clock tea in the drawing-room, when her master, with a very large silk pocket-handkerchief over his face, was soundly asleep, after a course of the devout and only literature permitted to the day, came the real delight of the week, and Charlotte, coming in softly with a stout book under her arm, was privileged to read aloud a sermon—such a tedious, worthy sermon!—to her dear mistress, and have her all to herself for a whole long hour.

The reading was, indeed, interrupted considerably by Madam's undaunted charges on Charlotte's aspirates and

Charlotte's contrite apologies and corrections; and then by Madam falling suddenly from heaven to earth to inquire Charlotte's opinion on the origin of the strange flavor of the apple-pie which had formed part of the five o'clock Sunday dinner.

On the two solemn, set, annual occasions when her master and mistress left Brixton to pay visits, Charlotte was supposed to enjoy some relaxation, and if the position of the sentry on duty—or, shall one say, of Fafner guarding the treasure?—can be said to be relaxing, perhaps she did. To keep a lynx-eye on the younger domestics, and to continue her mistress's work of turning silly, flighty little minxes with flowers under their bonnets into tall, staid, valuable, respectable servants was Charlotte's ambitious and successful endeavor.

At first, once in three or four years, and then once in about ten years, Charlotte did have a real holiday on her own account, and returned to her relatives at Shrewsbury. But in time they died, or wandered. Before she was an old woman her only home was her mistress's—"thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."

Time passed very quickly in that calm house and in the sober round of regular duties.

One day, it seemed, Madam and Charlotte were busily engaged in letting reefs into the backs of master's already stout waistcoats, and the next day, almost, the two women clung together in a long passion of tears by his death-bed.

After that, though they were not the less mistress and servant, they were the closer friends.

Every Sunday evening, at dessert, Charlotte had been called into the dining-room to receive a glass of port, which she sipped solemnly, desiring her respects and duty to her employers; now she drank it with "My love to

you, ma'am," and a little tremble in her voice.

Presently good Madam Betty felt it her duty to entertain largely the relatives whom, in her husband's lifetime, he had preferred to take in small and infrequent doses. Charlotte—now herself between fifty and sixty and very little less slight and active than she had been at sixteen—had to endure parties of noisy, flaxen-headed children having tea (with jam) in her own little sanctum, or making slides down the oilcloth of the passage outside her room. A large undergraduate nephew of Madam's horribly outraged Charlotte's feelings one day by loudly demanding a hot bath in his bedroom—in a house where everyone and everything were kept exquisitely and spotlessly clean without the assistance of baths at all; and poor Charlotte returned from receiving the impossible order muttering and greatly perturbed.

Still, not the less, her little room was principally ornamented with silhouettes—and later on with photographs—of generations of Madam's relations. The fair-haired little creatures she had kissed and punished sent her, in time, portraits of their own children; and, at last, there were their children's children upon her walls. He of the Order of the Bath—a ribald as well as a tactless young man—declared that in his aunt's house it was *de rigueur* to kiss the person who opened the door; and, indeed, this was at certain hours among Charlotte's multifarious duties. Respectful and very humble as she was, it became at last really impossible for her to help joining in a conversation when she brought in the evening tea and heard a guest ask some domestic question of which she (Charlotte), and she only, really knew the answer; and it was from long habit and acquaintance that she besought a middle-aged-girl visitor—whom she had tied, in her day, into bib and pinafore—to

help herself carefully to mustard at dinner, lest she should spoil the handsome appearance of the mustard pot.

It is thought that old Charlotte—she was getting really old by now—had a softer place in her heart—or was it that she had a softer heart?—for the failures and ne'er-do-wells among Madam's relatives than Madam herself.

Certainly, on hearing of the latest misdeemeanor, the mistress went off briskly to her desk to write a most severe letter to the delinquent—Betty was never the coward that “dares not speak plainly and home”—and when she consulted old Charlotte as to whether it would be immoral to combine and soften the sermon with a cheque, old Charlotte, shaking the curls and the violet cap-ribbons meditatively, invariably came to the conclusion that it certainly would *not*.

Once, when twins were born to the impecunious niece who could not afford them, and one quickly died, Madam wrote gravely and practically to her sister that she was “relieved to hear one of the twins was dead. It must be a great comfort to the Mama to know her poor child is so happily provided for, *without expense*;” and it was spinster Charlotte, sitting with gnarled hands clasped on her black silk apron and looking thoughtfully in her neat fire, who shed a few quiet tears for that “flower, no sooner blown than blasted.”

The great old age which made Madam Betty cheerfully stout and left her her rosy cheeks, pretty gay eyes, and happy nature, dealt less kindly with the friend and maid. Before her allotted fourscore years and ten Charlotte had come, indeed, to “withered weak and gray”; was deaf, and worried at being deaf; dreadfully anxious to do all her duties just as usual, and sadly conscious they were getting beyond her; still loving better than any-

thing in the world to serve that dearest mistress—to dress her for dinner in the fine laces and evening cap—although often and often now Madam had to pat the lady's-maid on the shoulder and call her “a silly girl” for bringing the wrong ones. The silly girl of ninety hobbled away, greatly distressed, to correct the error. It was not that Madam desired or expected too much of her, but always that she desired and expected far too much of herself.

At prayers now, Charlotte, instead of heading the line of servants, sat by the table, very close to her mistress, trying to hear—and failing to hear exasperatingly often—the chapter and verse when Madam Betty gave them out. Then she dropped her spectacles, and by the time she came up from under the table, where she had been looking for them, had forgotten the chapter and verse again. “Did you say Hobadiah, ma'am?” and Madam, returning, still hopeful, to the old charge, replied quite severely: “Charlotte, I never say *Hobadiah*.”

Sometimes, on a Sunday evening, Charlotte still stumbled through a sermon—which prophesied most positively the end of the world for 1850, the date of the reading being the beginning of the following century—and Madam Betty listened more attentively than of yore, and yet sometimes let asperites pass uncorrected.

But if her mistress knew, so, very well, did old Charlotte herself, that her day was done before it ended. She had to relinquish first one duty and then another; to stand by and see another generation do passing badly what she had done perfectly well, and to find at last that to die soon enough is a more difficult art than to live long.

One night she kissed her mistress Good-night, looking at her lovingly, as ever, with her old, tired eyes. But on the morrow it was the old, tired eyes that opened as usual on the work-

a-day world, and Madam Betty's blue ones that saw the morning dawn—Beyond.

At first Charlotte did not realize the immensity of her loss. From immemorial habit she sat sewing in her little room and mercifully forgot that her mistress was not at her writing-desk in *her* room as usual—getting inebriates into homes, and drafting girls out of workhouses. On the stab that pierced her poor old heart when she hobbled in to consult Madam about some important trifle in the needlework, and found her place empty, one need not dwell.

Mercifully, Charlotte was too old to be consulted about the funeral arrangements, and too deaf even to hear them. That dark day left her only with a very confused memory of several elderly nephews of the house, whom she mistook for their own fathers, coming in to talk to her in respectfully lowered voices which prevented her hearing a word they said.

The realization of desolation came when, one wintry morning—in charge of a great-niece who had come from Shrewsbury and was to take her back there—she left at ninety-one the home to which she had come at twenty. The coachman—he had served his mistress a mere trifle of five-and-thirty years—was in tears on his box as he drove her to the station. Old Charlotte shed no tears. She had passed beyond them. At Shrewsbury the black-and-

white house in the narrow, steep street, where she was born, had long been pulled down. The only relative she had left in the world was the great-niece—very kindly, but sixty years her junior, and whom she had never seen before.

Madam had left Charlotte an annuity—an annuity, tenderly and well thought out, sufficient but not exorbitant—as Madam Betty would. But much better than that she had left her a little silver Georgian teapot—one of her own wedding presents—which Charlotte had reverentially admired and polished for seventy years.

To have her tea out of that lovely teapot was her last pleasure. The clergyman who came to shout the Psalms in her ear did her more good by admiring its exquisite shape.

Presently she took to her bed entirely. Old, old, old! What dreams and thoughts come into those worn minds none shall know till—old, old, old—he dreams them himself. From dozing and dreaming, she slept into death at last.

The lavish encomiums justly pronounced on the greatly good, the wide benefactors of the race, would be wholly absurd as applied to this very narrow life. Yet which among them shall have a better title to the last, divine eulogy: "Well done, good and faithful servant"?

S. G. Tallentyre.

THE NOVELS OF M. RENE BAZIN.*

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime." This maxim, which is to most people a counsel of perfection, might seem to have been fulfilled in the novels of M René Bazin, the charm of whose work is precisely that it is a labor of love. The most salient trait in all his writings, the thing which makes them live in the memory—when books wittier, more inventive, more remarkable for technical accomplishment, are forgotten—is just the intimate charm that comes of his love for the common people and the soil, the sense of the poetry and pathos of simple familiar things. In a volume of essays and addresses called *Questions Littéraires et Sociales* which appeared two or three years ago, he pleaded that the novel should deal more than it does with the ordinary life of the masses of the people. He considers that the current French novel is written too much for small coteries of *intellectuels*; it deals with situations and problems which only occur in the case of people who are leading an artificial hyper-civilized life. The novel should be like *Les Misérables*, which he sets up as a type; it should deal with the great simple things—labor, love, childhood, the home, the struggle for subsistence. It should tell of "the men and women of the immense laboring family, who love doubtless, who suffer and die of love sometimes, who have their idyll or their tragedy, but soon over and endured almost dumbly, who are shut up in a life of hard labor, of thirst and hunger, the pursuit and the attainment of daily bread."

* 1. "Ma Tante Giron" (1886). "Les Noëllét" (1890). "La Sarcelle Bleue" (1892). "De toute son Ame" (1897). "La Terre qui meurt" (1898.) "Les Oberlé" (1901). "Donatienné" (1903). "L'Isolée" (1905). "Le Blé qui lève" (1907). Mémoires d'une vieille Fille" (1908). Par René Bazin, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy.)

2. "This, my Son." A Novel. [Les Noëllét.] By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rapoport with the assistance of Miss M. Edwardes. (London: Sisley's, Ltd.)

The English novel, in M. Bazin's opinion, is nearer this ideal than the French. We had thought that the taste of the day, even among the educated, turned in rather a different direction. We invite Mrs. Humphry Ward to dissect for us the souls of duchesses and Cabinet ministers, or Mr. Stanley Weyman to amuse us with costume romances. Still in such English classics as *Silas Marner* or *Cranford*, we find the spirit of affectionate and thoughtful realism, which M. Bazin desiderates, and which he distinguishes from the fierce and scornful realism of the naturalistic school. He denies truth to the writers of this school because they have not "that fraternal feeling, and that respect for human life, which alone can build up a work of justice, whether in literature or politics." The novels which first brought M. Bazin himself into notice were delicate and thoughtful sketches steeped in the quiet light and pearly atmosphere of the fields. They describe the people and places he knew in his youth, and if the picture, as seen through the mist of years is somewhat idealized, that very fact seems to give it a more intimate appeal to one's sympathies. How is it possible not to idealize the old farmhouse where we ran about as petted guests, or the little village church to which we were led week after week by a hand which has long since rested from its labors? We should not be human if we were not touched with tenderness in speaking of things like these.

In such a spirit M. Bazin has written

3. "Redemption [De toute son Ame]." By René Bazin. With a preface by Dr. A. S. Rapoport. (London: Sisley's, Ltd.)

4. "The Nun [L' Isolée]." By René Bazin. Fourth Edition. (London: Eveleigh Nash, 1908.)

5. "By Faith Alone." A Novel. ["Le Blé qui lève."] By René Bazin. (London: Eveleigh Nash, 1908.)

6. "Questions Littéraires et Sociales." Par René Bazin. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1906.)

of the land he knew in his youth, the old province of Anjou, touching on one side wild dreamy Bretagne, and, on the other, heroic La Vendée. He describes a peasantry not yet weaned from its ancient customs and beliefs, cherishing the memory of those who fought under La Rochejaquelein, a plain hard folk, docile to the teaching of a simple laborious priesthood, itself sprung from the soil.

How he makes us see the interior of those old farmhouses, the great kitchen with its table and chairs of polished cherry wood, shining so that one can see one's face in them! At noon, the *métayer*, his sons, and the farm servants come and sit down together to the table, while the mistress and her daughters wait on them and eat a little as they go to and fro without sitting down. An inner room, the bed-chamber of the farmer and his wife, opens out of the kitchen, and on either side of the door which leads to it are immense and monumental four-posters with heavy curtains. There is nothing in the place that suggests our English idea of comfort, but in its stead a rough plenteousness, a wholesome dignity.

The quaint old superstitions had not, in the days of which he wrote, been all driven away by the emissaries of the Minister of Public Instruction. Was not the *meneur de loups* to be met at midnight, stealing along the road from the forest, with his weird, red-eyed troop behind him? Might one not sometimes by moonlight catch a glimpse of the women phantoms who are doomed for ever to wash on the banks of deserted fords the little garments of the new-born babes whom they have slain? If by chance you should meet them, salute them and say, "Ladies, I am your servant." Then they will not trouble you.

Such is the background of the early books—*Les Noëllé*, *Ma Tante Giron*, and

La Sarcelle Bleue. One might have wished that M. Bazin could have continued to give us more of these idylls, so full of the fast-vanishing poetry of the country-side. But the very qualities which make an artist sensitive to influences like these make him equally alive to the influences that trouble or hurt the peace of the things he loves. Such natures suffer more than most from the inevitable loosening of old ties and shifting of old landmarks; they know the passionate resistance of faithful hearts to the great law of change that runs through all things. It is harder for them than for others to reconcile themselves to the obscure decree by which Man, the infinite and immortal, is doomed to walk in the vain show of this transitory life.

But the melancholy of such an attitude is combated in the case of M. Bazin by an invincible optimism. A convinced Christian, his faith in the "far off Divine event, to which the whole creation moves," keeps him tranquil in the face of apparently triumphant materialism. He believes firmly in the ultimate triumph of Christianity because of its correspondence to the deepest needs of suffering men. He is not disturbed when ministers of state announce to jubilant crowds that they have finally "put out the lights of Heaven," or as he puts it, "walled up the windows, which man, overwhelmed by misery, work, sickness, the influence of his surroundings, continues and will continue to open towards heaven." "For" he concludes, "there always will be those windows, by which prayer ascends and hope comes down."

Hence his studies of modern social conditions, though written from a point of view opposed to that which now prevails in governing circles in France, have none of the bitterness or despair of the disappointed reactionary. He can afford, without losing faith or hope, to diagnose fearlessly the ills from

which, as it seems to him, his country suffers. That fine novel, *La Terre qui meurt*, illustrates that divorce of the population from the land which is going on in France as well as in England. The exhausted soil ever requires new methods and a more expensive process of cultivation, and the resources of the peasant proprietor are not equal to these requirements. The young people drift away from the land, the brave and hardy to the colonies, the weakly and vicious to the great towns, where they swell the dangerous mass of worthless incompetence. The old noble families are impoverished or ruined; their châteaux and farms pass into the hands of strangers, who have no ties to the soil and the people. The old order changes—it is *La Terre qui meurt*. Do we not know something of it on this side of the Channel?

In an interesting passage of his recent volume of essays M. Bazin describes how the ideas of some of his books have come to him. Many novelists, we believe, would confirm his experience, that the leading idea of a story reveals itself suddenly, in a flash. Then comes the working out of the idea with its appropriate setting and scenery, and the creation of the secondary characters, which is a long and laborious business in comparison.

It was, while carrying on some investigations into the condition of the dressmaking and millinery business in large towns that M. Bazin was struck by the germinal idea of his novel, *De toute son Ame* (translated into English under the title of *Redemption*). He studied the life of the *employés de la mode* with that affectionate curiosity which is one of the distinguishing marks of his talent—a realism touched with emotion. He saw how their work at once refines and unclasses them—how “they are in one world by their life and in another by their dreams.”

Poor girls, whose taste fashion refines while it unsettles their imagination; watched in coming out of the work room and considered an easy prey because of their refined poverty and their inevitable freedom from control, hearing everything, seeing the evil in the lower walks of life and guessing at it in the ranks above them, always comparing the world which they dress with the world to which they belong. The trial is hard, almost too hard, for they are young, delicate, affectionate, and open more than others to the charm of soft words.

In the midst of his investigations, there flashed upon him the figure of his heroine, the milliner's assistant, Henriette Madlot, so beautiful and brave, so nobly pure and self-respecting, in her difficult life, and yet so full of tender thoughtful compassion for her weaker comrades.

Again it was in watching the Norman and Breton nurses, walking with their charges in the Tuilleries Gardens, that the idea came to him for *Donatienne*. He imagined one of these young women, honest and harmless, leaving her cottage in Brittany, her husband and little ones, to make a little money for the pressing needs of the home. He pictured the change for her from rough work and poor fare to the luxuries of a great Paris household. Petted and pampered, and plied with the gallantries of the servants' hall, she forgets the distant poverty-stricken home, her little children, and the husband who is breaking his heart over her neglect. The story of Donatienne's temptation and fall, and the long desperate struggle of the deserted husband against fate, would make the book almost too painful, were it not that at the last the naïve instinct of the *conteur* reasserts itself. He cannot refuse himself and his readers a happy ending, and as we read the story we forget the improbability of Donatienne's return, and merely feel that to the

Christian, who is the only real optimist, no "far country" is too far, and no repentance impossible.

After seven years, Donatiennne is discovered as the manageress of a little *café* in the suburbs of Paris. A journeyman mason comes in for his morning chocolate and chats to the *patronne*, in his friendly French way, of the country village to which he is returning, and of a family which has just settled there. In this way she hears again of her husband and children; and in the old Breton dress which she wore for the last time when she went on her fatal journey to Paris, she goes back to her injured husband, and takes up the old hard life of toil and privation, of family duty and love.

When Donatiennne came in behind Noémi no one paid any attention to her. Without being noticed, she went up to the bed. Louarn was asleep, his head in the shadow; while the light fell feebly on the face of his wife. The women there, neighbors, whispered "Who is it?" The two wings of the linen coif were bent over the injured man. Donatiennne looked at Louarn, and the woman who had sinned and suffered was filled with pity in that moment. She gazed at the thin, tormented, aged face, worn by work and by grief—the face she had made by going away—and her lips trembled . . .

The man raised his eyelids. From the depths of sleep and forgetfulness, his soul mounted slowly towards his eyes, startled at that vision of the Breton coif. His gaze lost itself above and then returned to her, wavering, and glittering with two tears which rolled down . . .

"Is it you, Donatiennne?" he asked.

"Yes, it is I."

The voices were as feeble as the light, but the gaze of Louarn was so profound that it seemed as though the way was opened, into the hidden suffering of his soul.

"How late you have come back," he said. "Now I have only wretchedness to give you."

Yet in that wretchedness and adversity, shared and not shirked, lay the only "true hope of redemption for them both.

Les Oberlé is a study of life in Alsace-Lorraine under the German occupation. In the course of a lecture given in 1902 M. Bazin was able to state that every year from two to three thousand young men from the lost provinces crossed the frontier, to avoid the obligation of military service under the German flag. It is the history of one of these that he tells, and incidentally he sketches the varying attitudes of the conquered population. There are the Germanizers, who wish for complete absorption into the great and prosperous German Empire, and who lend themselves to the measures by which the Imperial Government is seeking to attain that end; there are those who wish for some form of "Home Rule," such as is enjoyed by Bavaria; and finally there are the irreconcileables—like Jean Oberlé. The grandfather of Jean was one of those who protested against the annexation, but the father, by a not unfrequent reaction against parental ideas, is more German than the Germans themselves, and intends his son for a high post in the Imperial administration. But Jean Oberlé "has not a German soul." The mentality of the conquerors, their tone and spirit, he cannot assimilate or endure. And so he turns his back on his home and prospects, crosses the frontier, and becomes in fact, as he is at heart, a Frenchman.

The passionate belief in France, in her high destiny, in her civilizing mission, which in spite of many disappointments is so persistently cherished by her sons, gives unity and force to the book. Nevertheless, in spite of some beautiful passages, it is not one of M. Bazin's successes. The Germans are mere caricatures. Here for once the author's gift of sympathetic pene-

tration has failed him. On the other hand, there are passages which recall the delightful pastorals of his early manner. Such is the description of the hop-picking on the Alsatian farm, or the pilgrimage to Sainte Odile on the afternoon of Holy Saturday, when the peasants gather to hear the bells of all the towns and villages scattered over the plain ring out the heralding peal of Easter Eve.

Easter, Easter. The Lord is risen. They sang that, the bells of Alsace. The sound came from the foot of the mountain and from a distance, and from very far away; voices of little bells and voices of the great cathedral chimes; voices which passed, light, fine, and intermittent, like a shuttle in the web; cries of gladness from a whole population of churches, canticles of the Eternal Spring. The air was full of prayer. Souls thought of the Risen Christ. Many thought of Alsace. . . .

The old Alsatian repeated gravely, "I hear the Cathedral. . . . I was here with the women and girls of the village down below. We heard the cannon as we hear the bells now. The bombs exploded like fuses. Our women wept where you are standing now. It was on that night that the library took fire, and the New Temple and the Museum of Painting and ten houses of Broglie. Then there arose a yellow and red flame, and the clouds were like those you are now looking at. Strasburg was burning."

One of the young students clenched his fist.

"Down with them," growled the other. . . .

The bells were fewer. They heard no more those of Obernai, nor those of St. Nabor, nor the others that they thought they had recognized. The night was coming on.

Jean saw that the two women were ready to weep and that all was silent.

"M. l'Abbé," he said, "while the bells are still sounding out the news of the Resurrection, say a prayer for Alsace."

And the old priest prayed, not for Alsace alone but for France, "the oldest

of Christian nations, the nearest to the Divine amenity."

"May our memories last and grant that France may not forget us! May she be more worthy to lead the nations! Give her back the lost sister who may return also."

"Amen."

"As the Easter chimes return."

"Amen," said two men's voices.

"Amen, Amen."

The others wept silently. There was only the faint sound of a single bell in the cold air that mounted from the gulf. The ringers must have descended from the belfries, lost in that shadow which had swallowed up the plain.

There is something in M. Bazin's power of poetic evocation which reminds one of Millet. As in *L'Angélus* or *Les Glaneuses*, the figures are a part of the landscape, and you cannot separate one from the other in the total effect. In the description of the milliner's work-room in *De toute son Ame*, the picture of the tired girls, toiling at the vanities which are to embellish their wealthier sisters, is completed by the vision of the calm summer evening, descending on the banks of the Loire, and the wide peace of the river as it flows past the town.

The evening shadows had mounted little by little up to the last faint rose of the sunset. The twelve women were working busily, but one could divine, from the expression of their faces, that overstrain which makes the brain dull and the hand unskillful. Dark marks were under their eyes, and often one of them laid her hand on her eyelids as though to drive away sleep. In the heavy atmosphere which had been breathed all day long, still more heated by the lamps which the apprentice had just lit, the young chests panted, craving for the vivifying air which was becoming ever more exhausted. Mademoiselle Irma coughed with a little dry cough. At the end of the tables, one opposite the other, Mademoiselle Augustine and Henriette Madlot were each trimming a hat. The former tried

and tried again to place a bunch of red poppies on a shape with a turned-up brim, and could not succeed in posing it elegantly. She was nervous. In the pale prematurely faded face of the workwoman, the lips opened with a rapid painful movement.

Outside, the hesitating stars, combated by the lingering light of day, did not shine yet, but filled the deep vault of heaven like an impalpable powder of which no single grain is visible. The hour was at hand when the dew refreshes and erects the grass blades, when the horses in the meadows sleep on three legs in the shelter of the dwarf willows; opening the window, you might have heard the timid cry of a bird of the marsh, gaining his shelter, and all the while the women were sewing, cutting, arranging material.

"Half past eight," murmured a stout fair girl. In half an hour, mesdemoiselles, we shall be free, and to-morrow it is Sunday!"

As a painter of Nature and of human beings in contact with Nature, M. Bazin is in the true succession from George Sand. Like the heroes of her peasant stories, his characters are rather generalized types than individuals. He gives us the Breton peasant, the Nivernais woodcutter, the *curé*, the officer, the fisherman, rather than Jean, Paul or Jacques. He is lacking in humor, that next to indispensable ingredient in every living picture of a human being. Yet some of his types have so much the air of being studied from life, they are limned with such faithful affection, that they live in the memory as if one had known them in the flesh. Such are Jean Louarn in *Donatiennne*, Sœur Justine in *L'Isolée*, and Gilbert Cloquet in *Le Blé qui lève*.¹

L'Isolée (under its English title of *The Nun*) was the first book by René Bazin to be widely read in England. It relates an episode of the present religious war in France. In every war there is much undeserved suffering, and one

need not be a partisan of either side to pity the victims. Only the most acrid intolerance could refuse pity to the women who were roughly and arbitrarily driven from the surroundings to which they were accustomed and the work they loved—not a few of them when they were too old to find work elsewhere, or inapt from one cause or another to fashion themselves to the requirements of a new life. Of these is the pretty, clinging sensitive Pascale, the daughter of a pious artisan of Lyons. The scene in the Cathedral, in which she tells him that she has decided to become a nun, is remarkable for its restrained pathos, its high level of spiritual emotion, even in the writings of M. Bazin.

At the lower end of the church, Pascale with her father was placed against one of the pillars of the nave. . . . All the chairs had been removed, and the dark crowd of pilgrims filling the basilica brought out all the splendor of the decoration of the walls and vaulting, sculptures, columns, mosaics, windows gorgeous with mauve and gold, faint shadows, shadows vivified by the reflections which mingled and blended like the fires of an opal. There was a hymn, the cardinal entered and passed through the ranks, then a priest spoke briefly. This crowd believed and prayed. It was moved as a whole by one emotion; a consciousness of power and fraternity; a sort of religious consolation in which there lived the ancestors of all these men, and which they themselves only experienced at moments, scattered as they were in twenty churches, accustomed to be in only groups, or solitary wills, and suddenly here realizing themselves as an army.

Before they leave the church, Pascale whispers her determination to her father.

"Father, I speak to you here because God is nearer to us."

She wished to prepare him, but she

¹ A translation has been issued under the title of "By Faith Alone."

had no strength to keep her secret any longer. It broke all bonds, it escaped.

"Forgive me. I wish to be a nun."

"A nun? What is that you say?"

He saw that she was very pale and the sense of the words that she had spoken came home to his mind.

"Then it is quite true? You wish . . . ?"

She made an affirmative sign, timidly, as if she might have killed him with a gesture too decided.

Each remained silent, the time that it takes to say an *Ave Maria*. Then Pascale, lifting her eyes, saw this wonderful thing, which she had never imagined in her dreams, a man of great faith, victorious at the first shock of the trial. Two tears fell from his eyes, but the face was not saddened. On the contrary, a look of joy grew in it, and the soul appeared, entirely content and ready to obey. However, he was a long minute before he was able to speak. Then he said, his face still turned towards the tabernacle:

"I will not dispute you to the good God, Pascale. You shall go where you will."

The story of the storm which breaks upon the convent of St. Hildegarde and drives Pascale from her refuge is told with the same admirable restraint. The girl's father having died soon after her profession, she is obliged to make her home with some cousins at Nîmes. The account of her downfall and death is too painful to be dwelt upon. Victimized and ruined by the worthless creatures whom she had trusted, she dares not let her old friends know of her shame. She is murdered at last by her seducer in a fit of jealous rage, and her old superior, Sœur Justine, who hurries to her in her extremity, only reaches her in time to stand beside her coffin.

Two women, one supporting the other, entered the *morgue*. They were the widow Rioul and Sœur Justine. The body of Pascale was extended on one of the long sloping wooden tables, extended along the walls. For a min-

ute the poor woman had not the courage to look. . . . But she quickly controlled herself, she went towards the bed of her child, and on the icy forehead she put the kiss of peace.

When she had finished, she remained standing, not able to take her eyes from the face which she would see no more. And she said to La Rioul:

"You are like the world, La Rioul, you are hard. But I tell you that half her sin lies on those who drove her away from my arms."

Sœur Justine, as we have said, is one of M. Bazin's triumphs of characterization.

A creature all activity, broad-hipped and stout, with a round face, a good blunt nose, a complexion pale because of habitual lack of fresh air, brown eyes, very frank, full of life and gaiety. . . . The stiff white hairs about her mouth and curling under her chin, the few wrinkles cut deep in the flesh, a lock of silver hair which now and then escaped from the band which had slipped awry, told that she was nearly sixty years old.

She is always ready, never disconcerted, never giving way to useless emotion. "Never to be shut up to oneself," she said, "is the sure way never to be bored." She carries with her, in her inviolable discretion, the secrets of half the neighborhood, which have been confided to her.

When she hears from an ex-pupil that her school is to be closed, she is "struck down by the news as by a bullet." But almost instantly her native courage revives. "Come, my dear," she said, "we must be practical: we must not sit down to fret"; and she looks about her for some way of parrying the blow.

She is compelled to tell the news to the frightened nuns who cluster around her.

My little children, we must pray much, that is essential, since that is

Godward; as to the human action, I intend to write to-morrow. . . ."

A bell sounded half a dozen slow strokes. . . . The great silence had begun and would last till eight o'clock the next day.

With what dignified courage she faces the break-up of the work of a lifetime: with what severity to herself, with what tenderness for the souls committed to her care, she makes her examination of conscience for the last time as superior of St. Hildegarde! With what patient courage she accepts, for her daily bread, the post of "nurse-attendant" to an invalid, in a family where she is "barely tolerated" because of her usefulness, and her employer, an officer in the army, is threatened by his commanding officer, because he has under his roof an "ancienne religieuse." In the few minutes of leisure which her task leaves her, she writes to her charges, prays for them, keeps in touch with them so far as possible, and when she hears of the danger of the weakest lamb of the flock, she hastens to the rescue—too late!

In Gilbert Cloquet, the hero of *Le Blé qui lève*, the author takes a typical French peasant of the present day, to illustrate the various influences which affect his class. He belongs to a part of the country where for many years the great landowners have been absentees, where the *curés* have "shut themselves up in their sacristies," and where the people, left without their natural guides to help themselves as they could, have given themselves, in the form of their trades-union officials, tyrants as arbitrary and more ignorant than their old oppressors. The false spirit of independence which leads Cloquet astray becomes his chastisement when the daughter, whom he has pampered and for whom he has sacrificed everything, forsakes and disgraces him. His thirst for justice leads him to join the local labor syndicate. But as he

will not join the baser spirits in their campaign of violence and hate, he becomes suspect to them. Weary of his isolation, he leaves his own village and seeks work on the Belgian frontier, and here at last he learns the secret after which he has been feeling all his life.

A comrade invites him to join one of the retreats for working-men of which so much has been heard lately. He finds himself one of eighty or ninety.

The comrades were noisy, but they all appeared united and good-humored: they knew one another, they played tricks on each other like schoolboys; the greater number of them had been many times to Fayt. "Here's my old room, I can have it again, can't I, father?" "No, it is engaged." The priests too seemed to be cheerful. . . . As for him, he was sad and out of his element. He followed the crowd, about half-past eight, towards the chapel, where the eighty men in retreat sang a hymn and said the responses of the evening prayer, recited by a square-faced, broad-shouldered Fleming, who said the words with a thoughtful voice, a voice which expressed the beliefs of all these young men, and which penetrated their hearts.

Next day, still lonely and bewildered, he decides to leave; but first he announces his purpose to one of the mission priests, and finds, to his astonishment, no mere official but a brotherly, sympathizing soul. In the night the words that he has heard during the past forty-eight hours come back to him, and he realizes that they convey the message of justice and brotherhood after which he has longed all his life. He remains another day, and before leaving he makes his confession and communion with the others. And when he returns to his native village, this is how he begins his new life:

"Judging by the way he spoke in the square, and the way he bowed towards the church," continued Suplat,

"I tell you that Gilbert Cloquet here has become something like a clerical. . . . I would not swear that over there, with the Picards, they did not make him go to his Easter duty."

The sixty drinkers looked at Gilbert Cloquet. He took off his hat and said:

"Yes, I went."

They all rose from their seats. Angry gestures and voices filled the room

Ravoux the president declared, "Let him speak."

"I insult no one," Cloquet replied, "my heart is not changed to evil, on the contrary; but I recognize that we have not the true life here, and I have come to tell you what it is. I will tell you once, twice, ten times, as long as I am with you. No one shall hinder me. I wish to stay with you. The justice which I have desired I desire still, but I know now that it is more beautiful than I believed. And I go towards it."

M. Bazin's last book is a volume of slighter sketches, supposed to be taken from the note-book of one of those lay sisters of charity in whom France has been so rich, "une personne qui fut mêlée à la vie de deux fractions de l'humanité, bien peu connues en tout temps et en tout pays, les pauvres et ceux qui les aiment." They are short poignant stories, told with all his sober grace of style and reticent pathos, little "annals of the poor," illustrating some trait of charity or endurance, lighting up

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the hidden beauty of these dim insignificant lives.

Our author has dared to say that "the ignorance of religion is a certain cause of intellectual inferiority. There is a world into which certain men and women never enter and that world is without bound." He holds, as we have seen, decided opinions on the merits of the present controversy in France, but it would be well if all combatants carried the same spirit of sympathy and charity into their polemics. There is something perhaps a little feminine in his idealism, his "personal and passionate" interest in the particular case, —whether it be the case of an evicted nun, a half-starved milliner, or a lonely Breton nurse in Paris. Yet surely the quality is not so common that we cannot afford to overlook a little excess. And now if ever we need to lay to heart the words first spoken to a gathering of Roman Catholic students in 1904:

It is not enough to hold one's opinions firmly; one must hold them charitably, and carry into opposition all the esteem one can for one's adversaries. . . . It is by this large sympathy that you will gain the hearts of your enemies to be your allies, for their hearts are better than their heads; and in that way they will at last begin to perceive that hate is vain indeed when it sets itself against love.

THE COCKNEY BOUNDER.

I.

Piccadilly on a fine afternoon in May or June: is there any strip of the earth's surface quite like it, with its carriages and motor-cars, its green lawns and white buildings, its endless flow of variegated humanity, its irresistible suggestion of life, opulence, restlessness, luxury? To a young man, if at least he happens to be good-look-

ing, well-dressed, and in love, there are certainly worse places in the world. So thought Captain Richard Ascroft of the Queen's Own Loyal Loamshire Regiment, as he stepped lightly from the courtyard of the Junior Naval and Military Club and paused for an instant to cast a glance at the passing crowd and at the trees of the Park tossing their light arms in the summer

wind. Then with a smile, the smile of health and happiness, he moved his long limbs swiftly over the pavement, and presently found himself before the neat maroon door and the gleaming brass knocker of Beatrice Avent's little house in Clarges Street.

The smile deepened as his hostess came forward to greet him. It died away as Ascroft recognized, with a very curt nod, the other occupant of Mrs. Avent's pretty drawing-room. Yet he had hardly expected to be the only visitor; it was rare to find Beatrice Avent alone or without masculine company on these afternoons. She was a woman whom men sought eagerly, a woman who had many admirers and might, if she had so chosen, have had many lovers. But Beatrice, after seven years of matrimony, was enjoying her freedom far too well to be in any hurry to provide a successor to poor George Avent, who had broken his neck at polo, leaving no children to bear his name and a sufficient income for his widow.

Beatrice at eight-and-twenty felt that she had time to choose. She was one of those women whom few men can resist, and indeed a male person could seldom pass ten minutes in her society without finding himself a little in love with her; for to the charms of her face and figure she added that indefinable suggestion of emotional possibilities veiled by a virginal coldness which is more fatal to the better kind of masculine heart than beauty or brains or both. There was something magnetic in the chaste softness of Beatrice's glance and the mere touch of her thrilling little white hand that brought the worshipper to her feet. For herself, she was hardly conscious of the passions she excited, being chiefly anxious to have a pleasant time in this gay London, of which George, with his bucolic and sporting tastes, had seldom permitted her to see enough. She liked

to be in the swim, to know the right people to talk to and the right things to do; she believed herself intellectual and artistic, and was at any rate much given to transient enthusiasms, absorbing herself easily in the passing fancies of the hour, so that her courtiers were apt to be selected according to the fashion or fad which happened to be in vogue.

Just then, in this summer of 1899, Beatrice was rather in the mood of cultivating ideas and seriously considering literature. That explained the presence of Jerome Weir, the man Captain Ascroft did not like, and Mrs. Avent's indulgent glances when she lifted her eyes to his with a smile that brought a delicious dimple to the corner of her lips. The glance and the smile meant nothing to Beatrice, but they set Jerome Weir's blood dancing in his veins.

He was by no means so good to look upon as the tall young soldier. Jerome Weir was rather short and rather broad, too broad for his height, careless in dress and undistinguished in manner, with a complexion that spoke of laborious nights in town rather than breezy mornings in the country. But his eyes were keen and deep, and humor, intelligence, and vivacity spoke from his irregular features. He was a successful journalist, who had written a good book or two, and had a considerable reputation in Fleet Street and elsewhere as a man of varied knowledge and good critical faculty. A bachelor, with some social gifts and conversational power, he was in the thick of the movement with which Beatrice just then aspired to associate herself; he knew all the new playwrights, the new novelists, the new humorists, the actors, the young poets, and essayists, the editors, the people who thought themselves clever and talked much about the old conventions and the larger synthesis. Conse-

quently he stood high in the favor of his hostess; who gave Captain Ascroft his tea, and then plunged anew into the stream of chatter his entrance had interrupted. Jerome always talked well, and with the lady's eyes upon him he was more fluent than ever. Ascroft noted with gathering gloom how easily Weir seemed to interest Beatrice in the "rot" they were talking about Tolstoy and Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw, about books and theatres, and the persons who wrote and played and painted. If he tried to interject a hesitating sentence he was at once swept off his feet by Jerome's flood of anecdote and epigram.

The two men felt an instinctive mutual hostility; both were up to the neck in love with Beatrice Avent, and each had a notion that the lady thought far too well of his rival. This afternoon, however, the civilian was basking in the sunshine. The soldier relapsed into a sulky silence, until his hostess turned to him with the cruel remark:

"I am afraid we are boring you, Captain Ascroft; you don't care much about literary topics, do you? But Mr. Weir has been *so* interesting this afternoon."

This was too much for the patience of the contemned suitor, who murmured something about having to meet a man at the club, and left the field in possession of his adversary. "What the deuce can she see in the beast?" he muttered wrathfully as he went down the stairs; "a damned little Cockney Bounder."

II.

He had his revenge later in the year. In the early autumn of 1899 London society had swept all other interests into the background in its pre-occupation with the coming war in South Africa. Nobody thought or talked of anything else. Imperialist sentiment was on every tongue, and a genuine

patriotic fervor burnt in many hearts. It was one of those rare occasions when Britain had become conscious of her soldiers; the gentleman in khaki going South was the hero of the moment; in society indeed he was the only possible person, and all the young fellows of spirit, the hunting-men, the polo-players, the slaughterers of partridge and pheasant, were keen to get to the front with the Yeomanry. The women were as warlike as the men; Mars had resumed his sway over Venus to whom just then the clash of arms seemed more fascinating than the lute of Apollo or the wit of Mercury; and there was always a welcome in some silken drawing-room for any young warrior who could spare a few minutes from the War Office and the drill-ground.

Beatrice Avent, with her easy responsiveness to the prevailing suggestion, was thrilling with these martial enthusiasms. The campaign, the glories to come, the insolence, so soon to be chastised, of the Boers, the valor and efficiency of our own men, were the subjects of her conversation; she knew which regiments were to go out, and who were to have the chief commands; she studied campaign maps, and took lessons in strategy, coached not unwillingly by professional experts; she had joined a committee which was organizing a field-hospital.

Thus it fell that when Jerome Weir returned to town after a brief holiday he was aware of a considerable change in the atmosphere of the little house in Clarges Street. On the afternoon he called it happened that Ascroft was there again; but this time the Captain was the favored guest, while Weir felt himself left out in the cold. For Ascroft, who was hard at work drilling recruits at Chelsea, had come along in his uniform; and Jerome recognized that the tall young soldier in his neat

khaki, with his belts and sword and shoulder-straps, made a painfully effective contrast to a stoutish black-coated civilian. And Beatrice had no attention to spare for the journalist. The Loamshires were ordered out to Natal in a fortnight, and Captain Ascroft and his hostess had many things to discuss. He could tell her of the latest gossip at the military clubs, of the probable duration and character of the campaign, of the Boer armaments and dispositions; he had a particular friend on Buller's staff, and he was able to explain the precise plan of operations which that commander would be quite certain to adopt. Jerome watched with jealousy Beatrice's fair head bent over the map, with the Captain's dark one very close to it. She looked up flushed and radiant, with her dimples dancing more destructively than ever. "Isn't it all interesting, Mr. Weir?" she said. "Oh! how I wish I were a man! How I should love to be going out to South Africa now. Don't *you* want to go?"

"Some few of us have got a little work to do here," answered Weir; "you remember I was telling you last time we met about that new Stage Society: we are thinking of getting some of Ibsen's plays—"

"Oh, Mr. Weir! How can you talk of Ibsen and things like that *now*? It's the country—the Empire—that should have all our thoughts, and the brave men who are going out to fight that wicked old Krüger and his abominable Boers. How perfectly delightful it is to be a soldier! Don't you think you are to be envied, Captain Ascroft?"

The Captain glanced at the dimples and thought perhaps he was, or might be; but all he said was: "Well, you know, Mrs. Avent, there are drawbacks. I might come back with a wooden leg, or not come back at all: Mauser bullets, I believe, sometimes fly pretty straight."

"Oh no!" said Beatrice, who, like most people in London at the time, conceived of war as a rather agreeable picnic; "you will soon be with us again covered with glory and medals. How nice they will look on your uniform! Wouldn't you like a war medal, Mr. Weir? I should, if we poor women could only be allowed to have them. Ah, if I were a man!"

She spoke without a thought of the tempest that her words were stirring under Jerome Weir's rather ill-chosen waistcoat. Indeed she hardly thought of him at all, so absorbed was she, not so much in her other visitor as in what that visitor represented. But it was Jerome's turn now to quit the field in disorder. He took his leave with a word and a casual handshake from his hostess who was again involved with Ascroft in the map of Natal.

The Captain observed his enemy's retreat with a satisfied chuckle. "Glad the little Cockney Bounder's gone," he said under his breath. But Beatrice's ears were so near his own lips that she caught the words, and only rebuked them with a smile of such subtle sweetness that Ascroft was minded to put his fate to the test there and then. Unluckily at that moment there entered no less a personage than Lieutenant-General Sir Anthony Breckinbridge K.C.B., who was one of the chiefs of the Intelligence Department, and the most popular of all the gallant veterans just then engaged in imparting the art of war to the feminine population of Mayfair. To this important warrior Beatrice turned with eagerness, and Ascroft retired. He hoped for another opportunity to see her alone, but it did not come. The crisis was moving so fast that the Loamshires received orders that very night to embark by the next transport leaving Southampton. The few days that remained were filled with ceaseless work for all the officers; and a hasty inter-

view of five minutes, with other people present, was all the farewell that Ascroft was able to take of the woman he loved.

Jerome Weir had left her house in bitterness and anger. The triumph in Ascroft's glance, the slighting indifference of Beatrice's tone, made his heart sore within him. Humiliation as well as jealousy racked him. He was rather a vain little man, who had always cherished a fair conceit of himself; now he simmered with rage when he thought that the only being in the world whose opinion really mattered regarded him with something like contempt. "She despises me!" he said to himself; "thinks me a sort of coward, I suppose, and that long-legged oaf a hero, because he swaggers about with a sword and a fancy dress. Every brainless young ass in uniform is a hero just now. Wants him to come back with a medal? Well, I daresay, medals will be cheap enough soon. And if he does—confound him." And again he thought of the dimples and the smile, and was more wrathful than ever.

Then an idea occurred to him. "Hang it! Why shouldn't *I* get a medal too? War correspondents are to have them this time, it seems. Why not go out? The "Incubus" people haven't got a man yet, I know, and I daresay I can have the job if I ask for it. In these days the special correspondent of a big paper counts for rather more than a company officer in a twopenny line regiment. I may get better opportunities than you, Captain Ascroft, after all. Hansom here! The 'Daily Incubus' Office, Fleet Street."

Three-quarters of an hour later Jerome Weir was walking up the Strand towards his chambers. He had had his interview with the editor of the "Incubus" and arranged matters. He had received his commission as the

special correspondent of the paper, and in three days he was to sail for South Africa.

III.

The October sky was lowering darkly over the wind-swept hills of Elandslaagte as the Loamshires struggled up the billowing slopes to the final assault on the Boer position. The British infantry were nearing the end of a long day of marching and fighting. For hours they had slipped and stumbled among the rocks and rain-washed turf, under the incessant buzz and patter of the Mauser bullets and the sibilant scream of the Nordenfeldt guns. Now the thin lines were gathered in for the closing dash up the heights which were still held grimly by the shaken but stubborn Boers.

The special correspondent of the "Daily Incubus," who had ridden out from Ladysmith with French's advance column in the early morning, and had crawled and crept along with the firing-lines, looked round from the shelter of the great boulder behind which he had stationed himself to watch the last act of the day's drama. It did not need the soldier's eye to see that the crisis had come, and must soon be determined one way or the other. Away on his right he heard the pipes of the Gordons and the fierce yells of the Highlanders as they raced the Manchesters up the hill. Here, where he lay at the centre of the battle, the Loamshires were going past him in short rushes, small knots of men or single units taking cover, lying down to fire, and advancing a few yards to repeat the process.

The onward movement here was not very rapid, for the Boer fire at this short range was bad to face. The long flat top of the hill was fringed with sputtering flame as the hidden rifles snapped; and the bullets were kicking the brown earth into jets of

smoking dust. Jerome Weir heard the missiles singing close over his head and splashing on the face of his stone shield, and he felt distinctly uncomfortable. The excitement that had carried him through the earlier part of the day was waning; now, lying chilled on the moist sod, he was conscious of a curious sinking in the abdominal region, and a marked disinclination to move from his rampart into that open *glacis* where the myriad tiny messengers of death were dancing so merrily. Not many yards from him a dead soldier lay curled up in a horrible contortion; a little farther off a wounded lad, shot through the intestines, was screaming his life out in agony. Jerome shuddered; he had only to move a few feet and that might be his condition the next minute. "What a fool I am to be here," he thought; "after all, it was no affair of mine; I am not a soldier." And it came to him with a sort of pang that he might be sitting warm, safe and comfortable in London, instead of lying, as perhaps before the evening was over he might be, a wreck of torn and bleeding flesh on the trampled soil.

He looked about him with head still carefully lowered. Some of the Loamshires, it appeared, were no more in love with the business than he was. They were a highly respectable, steady-going regiment, noted for good drill and good conduct; but this was their baptism of fire, and not a few of these quiet English lads fresh out from home found it disconcerting. Men who had got behind a convenient rock showed a disposition to stay there; others were even faltering, and evidently more inclined to drop back than to move on. Officers ran about urging the laggards forward. Captain Ascroft, angry and excited, rushed past Jerome's resting-place calling furiously to his men. "Come on, B Company! Do you want to be the last up? Follow me, if you

are not cowards!" he cried to a group huddling down behind a ruined fragment of wall; and, waving his sword (officers still had swords and rank-badges at that period of the campaign), he dashed up the particularly exposed bit of hillside immediately in front. The action drew a perfect fusilade to the spot from above. Two or three of the men who leaped the wall and followed the Captain were shot down instantly; Ascroft himself managed to run a short distance upwards before he fell. Weir, peeping round the side of the boulder, saw his rival lying prone before him, with only some fifty yards of patchy turf between them. Dead? No; Ascroft struggled to his knees, and then with a groan fell back on the crimsoned sward, with clutching hands and one quivering foot. Would he be left there to bleed to death or be finished by another flying pellet? "Well, it's none of my business," said Weir to himself; and then again, "What am I here for?" But even as he murmured the words he remembered how it was he came to be there. A shell from one of the British batteries boomed through the air far above his head; and the sound, by a caprice of association, brought a woman's face before him and some hackneyed lines to his lips:—

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.

"What a literary tradesman you are, Jerry Weir," he thought; "come, let us see if you cannot *do* something." Then he pulied himself together, crept from his shelter, and crawled up on hands and knees to where the young officer lay with the blood welling over his boots and putties.

Ascroft had been struck through the tendon of the leg. He tried to rise but collapsed in agony, half swooning with

pain. Sick and dizzy, with a dark mist swimming before his eyes, he could not make another effort. He could hear the Mauser rain pelting over him, and was just conscious enough to remember that any moment might be his last. "It's all up with me," he said; and he shut his eyes and waited for the stroke to come, feeling indeed as if his life were already ebbing away.

Then of a sudden he heard a voice close to his ear. "Ascroft! can you move?"

"No; I am afraid I cannot."

"Put your arms about my neck then, and I will take you on my back."

Mustering his strength, Ascroft managed to get his hands across the tweed-covered shoulders on the ground beside him. It was all he could do, and he hung like a sack while Weir, grasping the hands firmly, hoisted the dragging figure on his back, and crouching low under the burden, began to move down the slope. His progress was very slow for Ascroft was big and heavy, and as

Weir tottered on he was expecting each instant to hear the thud of a bullet in the hanging weight above him, or to feel the blow in his own flesh. The two were a good mark for the sharpshooters above. So thought a young Johannesburg Boer in a shabby frock-coat and a bowler hat. "Kill the verdammde offizier," he said, as he pointed his rifle at the swaying pair. But a gray old field-cornet growled at him under his beard. "Hold thy hand, Piet! We are not shooting the wounded." And Piet turned his weapon elsewhere; for the war as yet was young. So Weir staggered on untouched, and at length, with pain and tribulation, he got behind the sheltering boulder, and plumped his burden on the ground. The shock revived the wounded man's fast-fading consciousness. He opened his eyes and stared wildly into the face bending over him. "By Jove! It's the Cockney Bounder," he said; and then he fainted away.

Sidney Low.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

It is not likely that ordinary men at the time of our Lord were what is generally called "very religious,"—ordinary men seldom are. It is possible that they were regarded by the theological and ritualistic experts of their day as indifferentists; such experts are apt so to regard them. Nevertheless, when Christ preached, while the chief priests sought to destroy Him, "the common people heard him gladly." They "pressed upon him to hear the word of God"; they "hanged upon him," as the marginal reading has it. Clearly they were not indifferentists then, any more than they are indifferentists now. They were haunted by the hopes and fears which bear upon religion as the

vast majority of men are still, either constantly or occasionally, according to their temperament and habit of mind. Why were they gladdened by the teaching of Christ? It is true that He preached deliverance from a ceremonial system the bonds of which were becoming unbearably galling, as all religious bonds become when men begin to suspect that the ceremonialism in which they have been brought up is superstitious; but it is not by negative teaching that gladness of heart is produced. It is easy to say that it was because Christ taught "faith" in contradistinction to the elaborate system of law taught by the scribes. On the other hand, it is very difficult to define

what "faith" means. One thing is certain. Christ did not demand a detailed intellectual subscription; but that fact only tells us what Christian faith is not, not what it is. St. Paul's enthusiastic reasonings on the subject hardly appeal to the ordinary non-theological man, but they are lighted up by flashes of genius which appeal to every one. When he tells us of a typically faithful man that he "against hope believed in hope," we perfectly understand him. And was not that what Christ taught "the common people" to do? And is not that why they heard Him gladly?

Life itself without any help from ecclesiasticism keeps the world in mind of religion, in mind, that is, of God. The whole world has tried from the beginning "if haply they might feel after him, and find him," and the mass of ordinary men have always believed that "he is not far." Our friends die. Death reminds us fearfully but effectually of spiritual things. The difference between a man and a corpse remains plain, though science and theology should dispute for ever. All the world over men hope that the dominion of death is not absolute. The hope recurs again and again in defiance of the terrible arguments for which absence leaves room. Christ declared this hope to be well founded, to be, indeed, the essential truth at the bottom of human nature. "It is the spirit that quickeneth," He said; "the flesh profiteth nothing." Is it surprising that ordinary men heard that gladly? But it is not by death alone that men's thoughts are turned to God; the mystery of life awakens religious thought. The love and solicitude to which the fact of parentage gives birth inevitably turn the mind to the origin of life. They suggest hope in regard to the relation of the Creator to the creature. Christ strongly confirmed this hope. It is the corner-stone of Christianity, the type of the Fatherhood of God. But

outside the tremendous questions of life and death, ordinary everyday experience points continually in a religious direction and gives rise to a religious hope. Surely there must be justice somewhere!—that is the instinctive cry of the human heart, a hope thwarted at every turn, yet absolutely indelible. Almost all the parables of Christ were spoken to confirm this hope. In the end Providence is on the side of justice, is the moral of how many of them? The human heart, however, is not logical. The hope of pardon is every bit as instinctive as the desire for judgment. This hope also Christ sought to transform into assurance. There is one article in the creed of Christendom which our Lord taught with all possible dogmatism, and that is the forgiveness of sins. In the parable of the Prodigal Son we have its one perfect and sufficient illustration. Men are not, however, satisfied by the forgiveness of God alone. They hope for the forgiveness of men. Christ taught that they should endeavor to confirm this hope in each other, every man forgiving from his heart. Again, there is a great hope in the heart of humanity which becomes articulate only in their instinctive admiration of heroism. The ordinary crowd, whether it puts its thought into logical form or not, hopes devoutly that sacrifice is worth while, that when a man gives up his life for his friend we are in presence of a question which is not answered when we have considered the relative value of their lives to the world at large. We hope, too, that no cause is lost because a man gives up by dying his power to help it along. Christ made, to use a colloquial phrase, a religion of this hope. He gave it everlasting expression in a paradox which no man who has heard it can forget. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." This sentence is the essence of Christianity.—as it were, the

motto of the Cross. In sacrifice He finds an eternal preservation.

There is another great hope inherent in the human heart. We all hope that chance is an illusion. The thought of a fortuitous concourse of atoms and events is maddening to us. At the same time, we hope we are not in the hands of an inexorable fate. Christ taught that the hairs of our head are numbered; that every living thing is—in its order—a subject of divine care and foreknowledge. None the less, every one of our Lord's exhortations, and His whole teaching on the subject of prayer, imply that the will is free. The reason cannot harmonize these opposite theories. Yet ordinary men accept the encouragement of Christ to put faith in both. There is a hope with which what we call the drama of life constantly inspires the hearts of good people, and that is the hope that in the moral scheme of things, wherein action should reasonably be everything, attitude also counts. It counts here with men; it may count, men hope, with the Eternal. There are many people whose moral nature is, so to speak, unsuccessful. If we sum up what they have done in life, there is a terrible balance on the wrong side; but they are lovable, and we hope that God also will look to that. We are sure they are often better men and women than the men and women who do better. Our Lord in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican confirmed this hope. Imagine people hearing that story for the first time. Is it strange that "the common people heard him gladly"? Most of us who have

seen much of suffering and much of the unselfishness which seems to bring nothing but oppression, the innocence which unfits for the fray, have in the midst of a bitter and almost resentful sense of pity been surprised by a strange gleam of hope. These sad people have gained something, we see; these unselfish souls are not without a recompense; these simple-minded people have made a discovery in spite of their worldly blindness. The words of Christ ring in our ears whatever may be our personal creed. There are moments when all people who are not cynics know that there is some unaccountable comfort which does often come to those that mourn, that the meek have no mean inheritance, and that the pure in heart—who ignore so much—see God.

There is some quality in the mind of the common people which is potent to dissolve systems. Theological systems are erected as a sacrifice to logic, and "the common people" are not logical. The living part of Christianity—the Christianity Christ taught—produces very much the same result in simple people, no matter under what form they receive it. They still hear Christ gladly, and give but a conventional attention to the scribes. People who have to work hard in order to live have very little time or thought to spare for theological reasoning. Moreover, it wearies them. But every one has time for hope, and hope confirmed is the most prolific source of joy. Christ gathered up and expressed the hope of the world, in terms of faith.

The Spectator.

BIRDS OF THE RIVER MEADOWS.

The wide green meadows that frame the course of many rivers in the south and east of England are a favorite haunt of birds at every season of the

year. In summer they abound with the insect and animal life which nurtures the nestling broods, and in winter when family life is almost obliterated.

they attract the roving flocks and solitary wanderers by their wealth of oozy strands and marshy hollows, which are slow to harden completely in the severest frost. Even when the plains of faded grass stretch beneath the pale sky of February, with an apparent emptiness that seems all the greater by contrast with the same scene in June, every few minutes, on the face of the rusty fields, a troop of starlings springs suddenly into wheeling flight, or a straggling flock of fieldfares rises noisily from one feeding-ground to another at some casual impulse or alarm. As the senses of the human intruder attune themselves to the space and the prevailing silence, the solitude becomes peopled with unsuspected life. Herons drop from the sky to a distant watercourse, and a kestrel comes winnowing the lower air in a succession of vigilant poises. Broad flocks of plover pass twinkling into the field of vision, alternately dark and light against the canopy of cloud, and beat fastidiously above the levels until they choose a resting-place to their liking. The wide earth and sky are filled with birds intent on their winter needs; and only the moorhen and wren in the frosty sedges, or the robin singing above them in the willow-crown, seem to cling to one settled haunt or to return on any path by which they came.

As the winter lengthens and lightens, this constant passage of wings across the wide expanses of the river-fields begins slowly to abate and to change its current. The new-paired partridges find more constant centres, chasing one another over the pallid herbage with cheerful cluckings of spring. The herons withdraw for much of the day to their woods on the bordering acclivities; in mild winters they have sometimes eggs in the oak-tops by the end of February. Early in the same month the nesting instinct calls to its home by rougher western streams the gray

wagtail, which, with his graceful movements and yellow plumage, brighter than his deceptive name, has enlivened through most of the winter the lock-pools and borders of the weirs. The change from the life of winter to that of spring in the river-meadows moves forward very slowly for nearly three months. Then, about the first week in April, spring comes visibly to the ample landscape, with the brightening of all its levels with new verdure, the leafing of the willows by the watersides, and the flight of the first swallows over their familiar floor. When we see the swallow curving in high recoil from the willowtops in the April sunshine the year's new era is won; and when once its wings have crossed the river-meadows, then growth swiftly increases, with the multiplication of life of innumerable kinds, up to the time of the falling of the hay.

When the new grass rises in April the place of the gray wagtail on the meadows and beside the weir-pools is taken by the yellow wagtail or cowbird. These two birds are often confused, the plumage of each being partly yellow; but they are distinct in appearance and habits, with just that degree of distinctness which gives a special fascination to the study of kindred birds. The yellow of the cock yellow wagtail is evenly distributed over all its under parts, while in the hen bird it is dull and obscure. In the gray wagtail, on the other hand, the yellow is brightest at the base of the tail; and the hen is hardly less resplendent than the cock. Clear gray on the back takes the place of the olive green of the lowland species; and the yellow-washed tail is the longest and most active in all the wagtail tribe. A pair of gray wagtails are thus much yellower birds to the eye than a pair of yellow ones, though the clear gray of their backs is also a conspicuous feature. If they competed side by side in the same

fields at nesting-time, the name of yellow wagtail must almost certainly have been given to the gray. But before the yellow wagtail comes to English pastures from its winter home in Africa its hardier brother has already pushed on northward, to the mountain and moorland streams; and it is only occasionally in early autumn that both birds are to be seen in the same lowland valleys.

The yellow wagtail is far less fond than the gray one of haunting the very brink of tumbling waters and the masonry and jutting woodwork of the weirs and bridges. Its true home is in the verdure of the summer meadow, and its nest is deeply concealed among the marsh marigolds or the standing grass. If the field where it settles chances to be set aside for hay, it has little need to wander in quest of its insect food from that grassy jungle, bright with moon daisies and ragged robin. But where yellow wagtails breed in a pasture, they well earn their excellent-country name by faithful attendance upon the cows. The common pied wagtail also knows well how to win its living among the insects that gather round the resting cattle or are disturbed as they roam through the grass. But the pied wagtail, like the gray, is on the whole fonder of the water-side; and it is the yellow wagtail, with his tints reflecting the summer gold and green, which runs and hovers most constantly round the drowsy bodies wandering and couching on the pastures.

As the new grass rises, fledged with the silky bloom that gives it so different an appearance from the rank autumn growth, it gives cover for the nesting of the larks and plovers, which for long have filled the meadows with their diverse chorus during the slow coming of spring. In the days when the first orange-tip butterflies float among the lilac cuckoo-flowers, the

harsh note of the corncrake is first heard, with its double pulse, from the breadth of the shining field. Sometimes, when the corncrake comes, he finds the grass in his favorite river-meadows not high enough to hide him; and, since he is a bird who always seeks concealment, he is visibly uneasy until, in a few days more, the swift-rising grasses meet everywhere above his head. While the field is still half naked about him, he finds harborage in the longer herbage by the drying pools and runnels. But he loves to course about the meadows, uttering his hidden call; and when a fit of wandering takes him, his head and neck can be seen emerging here and there above the scanty grasses, as he peers round in apprehension or curiosity, and quickly dips beneath the surface, as the dabchicks vanish in the river. When his cry next is heard it is in a different quarter of the field; for he runs swiftly and far with the head outstretched, so as to make the most of scanty cover. The time of the hay crop's growth is often not long enough to give the corncrake safety for nesting. Many nests are destroyed when the hay is cut, a little after mid-summer; and the decline of corn growing, with the consequent restriction of safe nesting-cover in July, is probably one cause of the growing scarcity of the corncrake in many parts of southern and eastern England during the past 20 years. Its voice is still familiar in the valleys among the northern and western hills, where the hay is often not cut until July is nearly ended. The corncrake's tireless cry comes from the river-meadows in the silence of the summer darkness like a natural measure of time, bringing a deeper consciousness of the mysterious progress of the night.

In April and early May the meadows by many rivers are the resting-place of birds of passage that linger in these

pleasant feeding-grounds before pressing inland upon their way. When the summer population of pied wagtails is already paired and distributed among the streamside willows, sometimes a stray specimen of their kind is met with on the open pastures, feeding and flitting onwards with the characteristically unsettled and alien air which marked the winter wanderers. In a little while others come stringing in twos and threes across the meadow, until a dozen or 20 are collected in that unusual spectacle—a wagtail flock. The meadow is a very paradise for wagtails at nesting-time, and the wanderers might settle down among their kindred without any human eye being able to distinguish them. But they pay no heed to the paired birds busy about their nesting-places; their onward purpose is still unspent, and in half an hour they have vanished along the

The Times.

stream in the quest of some remoter breeding-ground. Such distinctness of aim and instinct among birds identical in outward appearance gives a new sense of individual character to all the dwellers in the meadow. Other wanderers appear which are conspicuous to every eye as strangers in the lowland fields. Strayed terns swoop for a morning above the river reaches with their exquisite ocean flight, and depart again in quest of broader waters. Sandpipers haunt year by year the shores of Thames and Cherwell, bringing the movement of remoter hillsides to the lowland strands. Haunting the spits and pools for days together, they seem half uncertain whether they will not rest among the Oxford fritillaries. But the stronger impulse urges them to stonier streams; a May night falls, and they follow the pathway of the river-meadows to their summer home.

HOW TO BE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

No. I.—*Why I am Popular at the Post-Office.*

Do you sell stamps, please?

What sort do you keep?

Please be civil to me. Don't you stock a line of elevenpenny-halfpenny ones?

Very well, then I suppose I must put up with inferior goods, as usual. Show me the fivepennies.

Won't do; perfect eyesores. Anything at three-pence?

How dare you show me a soiled sheet? Now, now, now, don't thumb it about like that. No, decidedly not. . . . Let me see those red ones over there . . . really? That's very reasonable.

Yes, I like them. In fact, I'll have that one.

Oh, dear no. Kindly give me the

one I wish for. Take this back. I asked for that one—the centre one.

Now wrap it up.

No, I have no smaller change.

No. II.—*Why my Bank looks forward to seeing me.*

Good morning.

Why am I kept waiting?

Are you aware I have a good deal of money at this bank, and that unless you are prompt and obsequious I can cause you trouble and official displeasure?

All right, then I will do my very utmost to get you dismissed. Now to pass to the business of the day. What is my balance?

Add it up again.

Oh, you never make mistakes? Well then, I want fifteen pounds ten and the

Manager; the fifteen pounds ten is for me, and the Manager is for you. All silver, please; and I can wait indefinitely. Offer me a seat.

No. III.—Why they Appreciate Me at the Office.

What do you mean by "late"?

Very well, then, I apologize. I know my time is not my own, but I think it unreasonable that I should be criticised for keeping an appointment with my doctor.

I gather it would be superfluous to refer you to the doctor, because if you don't believe me you'll think me capable of going to a doctor who tells lies. However, I don't suppose the question is as important as all that. Punish me in the extreme penalty, only don't nag; my head aches.

I don't remember the papers you mean.

Oh, *those!* Well, I don't know where they are. I didn't have them.

No, I did *not*.

Well, perhaps I believe I do remember. . . . You mean the day I upset the ink over the letter book? I must have mislaid them on my way back from Somerset House—in the train perhaps. The Lost Property Office might know.

I'm really exceedingly sorry. . . . Is there any need to take on so? . . . I think you're exceedingly unkind and unjust. . . . Boo-hoo!

No. IV.—Why I am Persona Grata at the Great Southern Hotel.

Take my bag.

No, not a room. I only want afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

You are thoughtful, but I prefer to run the risk of ordinary hotel thefts rather than leave my things in the cloak-room.

Surely this is not the passenger-lift? Isn't it for the coal or the boots or the hotel staff?

Then I will go in it on sufferance.

Tea for one, please—Indo-China blend, cream, bread-and-butter, sandwiches and every species of cake and pastry one is allowed. I take it the shilling is inclusive.

Don't loiter round me, I never give gratuities.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes and telegram forms, please . . . Thank you. . . .

Bradshaw and *A. B. C.*, please . . . Thank you . . .

Ash-tray and matches, please . . . Hurry up . . . Thank you . . .

Do you mind closing that window? There's a draught . . . Would you be so kind as to get me a fire-screen? . . . Do you happen to have a theatre list? . . . I'm much obliged.

Your horrible tea has made me feel bilious; bring me a glass of water . . . Where are the periodicals kept? . . . Then bring me them . . .

I shall play the piano; go right away. . . . How dare you? You are not the Manager, you are much too badly dressed—be off . . . You bore me. Shoo! . . .

You need not use coercion, I shall go with much greater pleasure than I came.

No. V.—Why I get so many Bridge Invitations.

Oh, yes, by all means let us play for nominal stakes; but I think it unsteadies the game a little, don't you?

Go original spades? All my calls are original, Madam. I abhor plagiarism. . . . No, I am delightfully unconventional.

Do you? Personally I discard from clubs, they are so inartistic.

No, not the eleven rule, but I find the rule of three invaluable. . . . Oh! by all means we will play according to common sense.

Did I misdeal? I am sorry. Not very clean cards though, are they? I expect they stick every now and then.

Why mayn't I sort out the suits face downwards on the table? Does it hurt any one?

A penny for your thoughts, partner. Oh, *my* declaration, is it? Well, I'm sure I don't know what to go, my hand is a perfect rummage-sale. What infernal luck I do get. Hullo! I seem to have five suits. Oh! half a tick. That's all right. Now then, my declaration, is it? . . . I don't know. . . . I'm

Punch.

ashamed to make anything trumps. . . .
No trumps!

Don't look like that, partner. Merry and bright, please.

Five tricks against us, and doubled? A hundred and twenty? Tut-tut. Never mind, better luck next time. Bruce and the spider, eh, partner?

I can't think why some people lose their tempers over a paltry game of cards. . . .

THE FLYING DREADNOUGHTS.

The City, having pledged itself, rather rashly, as we think, at a recent meeting at the Guildhall, to assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer in paying for an addition of eight millions sterling to the already heavy Dreadnought bill, has now identified itself with the Aerial League of the British Empire, which aims at securing and maintaining for the Empire the same supremacy in the air that it now enjoys on the sea. Until quite recently, as the Lord Mayor said, most of us have found it difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of armies and navies being menaced by airships. But since the experiments of the Wright Brothers and the adventures of Count Zeppelin (adventures to which the rich men of Germany have contributed some £275,000), it has become obvious that death and destruction may be rained from the clouds, and that airy navies may fulfil the prediction of a Victorian poet. But if such a pitch of development is reached in the art of flying, Free Traders may find compensation in the practical abolition of Customs houses, for how can Customs offices be expected to watch the air as well as the ports? In Germany airship stations and airship garages are being built at Berlin, Metz, Cologne, Darmstadt, Wilhelms-hafen, and several other places, and

at Greisheim, near Frankfurt, a gasometer is being erected in connection with a large motor garage. Sir Percy Scott took a very serious view of airship progress. At present a great battleship costing the nation a couple of millions is only in danger of being blown up at any moment by a torpedo or a submarine mine. But even these minor inventions have been carried to such perfection that in the happily remote possibility of war with France it is improbable that the cruisers or battleships of either nation would dare to venture into the English Channel, and ordinary commercial navigation through the Channel would, of course, be entirely stopped. Even a war between two great naval Powers in the North Sea would become altogether too hazardous if floating mines were extensively sown by the belligerents. "At present," said Sir Percy Scott at the Mansion House, "our ships are attacked on the water by guns, and under the water by submarine ships and torpedoes. If we are to have dynamite dropped upon us from the clouds, it will make the profession to which I am proud to belong rather precarious." The gallant admiral says that he is doing all that he possibly can to counteract the plans of the aeronauts. A gun is being designed which will play

havoc with any airship at a distance of 6,000 feet.

But I am sorry to say we have to deal with darkness. These ships will come over in the dark, and I have never yet met any person who could tell me how to hit an object you cannot see. The only defence against these flying machines will be meeting them with flying machines. If airships are to be a menace to our Navy—and I believe it is generally admitted that our Navy is the first line of defence of this country—then we must meet them by airships, and we ought to proceed at once to form a two-Power standard in airships.

This is gloomy enough for the future of the Navy and for the ten millions or so of money that we are putting into naval construction every year; but Sir Hiram Maxim was still more pessimistic about the utility and effectiveness of Sir Percy Scott's new gun. He pointed out that it would be a very difficult matter to hit an aeroplane, especially in foggy weather or at night. "They might fire 10,000 rounds and every one of them would return to earth. While they fired 10,000 rounds on the off-chance of hitting an aeroplane once, they would hit themselves 10,000 times."

All that Sir Henry Maxim had to say deserves, of course, the very closest attention. Moreover, his own experiments in this direction enabled him to speak with authority regarding the future. His remarks on the all-important question of weight were especially interesting. Rough and imperfect as the Wright aeroplane is, it has not only been able to make flights of about 100 miles at the speed of an ordinary pas-

senger train, remaining in the air over two hours at a time, but in addition to the weight of driver, water, and petrol, it has carried a load of 250 lbs. Clearly, then, we may count on a larger and improved aeroplane being capable of carrying a much heavier load. "At the present rate of progress," declared Sir Hiram Maxim, "we shall certainly have machines inside of a few years that will travel at the rate of 60 miles an hour and be able to carry a load of 1,500 lbs." And he added that a thousand of such machines could certainly be built for less than the cost of one Dreadnought.

At first sight this prospect is appalling, more especially to those who think that the Dreadnought is the last word in patriotism and national defence. We may reflect, however, that the progress of invention in the art of warfare has, on the whole, made for peace. Philosophers agree that the discovery of gunpowder has helped civilization to advance. If, then, Sir Hiram Maxim is right and "we have, in fact, arrived at the beginning of a totally new epoch in warfare," and changes are bound to take place which will be quite as great and much more rapid than those which followed the discovery of gunpowder, there is no need to be dismayed. The Dreadnought, in the course of a year or two, may be as obsolete as a frigate, but, in the opinion of Sir Hiram Maxim, and we are disposed to agree with him, "the advent of the flying machine will have a strong tendency to do away altogether with warfare between the highly-civilized nations."

The Economist.

THE NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

About the ancient gods there have always been two currents of thought in the Church. Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria saw types of Our Lord in Bacchus with his mysteries, Aesculapius with his miracles, Hercules in his labors and triumph. Orpheus was one of the symbols of the Catacombs. The Christian converts had come to the God of gods in Sion—the God of all myths, heroes, ideas, personifications, “the fair humanities of old religion,” as well as of all good spirits of angelic might and power. Our Lord is often called Pan by our old poets, and notably by Milton in the “Hymn on the Nativity”:

The shepherds on the lawn
Or e'er the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Had kindly come to live with them
below.

So Dante says:—

o sommo Giove,
Che fosti in terra per noi crocefisso.
—Purg. vi, 116.

But the tolerant philosophic way in which the earlier Greek Fathers regarded them had little influence on the popular mind. The ordinary Christian feeling about them was simply that they were demons, using the word in an evil sense. Diana, for instance, is often spoken of in Christian legends as “the demon of the noonday.” The Latin Fathers and the great missionary saints who converted Europe waged against them an unceasing war, overthrowing their altars, defiling their wells, cutting down their sacred trees, so that they were driven forth as homeless wanderers among men. They who had been so mighty and worship-

ped with such awe and dread were now mocked as the *dei falsi e bugiardi*, as Dante calls them. The Christian priests were their relentless persecutors. St. Martin, for instance, cut down a great pine-tree sacred to Diana in the forest of Tours, just as ages before, according to the legend, Abraham had cut down the sacred tree hung all over with images in Ur of the Chaldees. One cannot help remembering that the day came when the sacred places of the saints themselves were pillaged by Calvinist and Huguenot mobs and their relics scattered to the winds. But the Church soon found the wiser way of claiming for herself the sacred wells and trees. Her message to the Pagan world was of necessity sternly monotheistic, but one cannot but see how greatly a rigid monotheism was modified by that doctrine of the Incarnation which was her very life. The effects of this modification as time went became ever more apparent. The Puritan iconoclasts who cut down the Glastonbury thorn made war on the very idea of any sympathy between Nature and religion.

There is a strange color about the German word *Heidengeld*—“heathen-gold”—meaning a great mass of money, probably originally a heap of buried treasure. The word seems to indicate the vast hoards left by the heathen dead, guarded by angry spirits hating to see them pass into Christian hands. The heathen gods passed away “and left their riches for other,” the Church took their precious marbles to build up the shrines of her saints, but on one thing they did not let go their hold. They left a token of their vanished power in the names of the days of the week.

Only in the case of Sunday, and that only in Latin lands, did Christianity

gain upon them here. The New Testament name for Sunday is of course "the Lord's Day." This is preserved in all the Romance languages. In Italian it is *Domenica*, in Spanish *Domingo*, in French *Dimanche*. In the Middle Ages, St. Dominic was known in England as "St. Sunday." In the North the Day of the Sun, *Sonntag*, Sunday, held its own against the Christian term. In Russia the first day of the week is called by the beautiful name of "the Resurrection." The Russian system of naming the days is unique in Christendom, and apart from the names of Sunday and Saturday absolutely colorless. Monday is "the beginning of the week," Tuesday "the second day," Wednesday "the middle," Thursday "the fourth day," Friday "the fifth," and Saturday "the Sabbath." This may have come from the ecclesiastical determination to root out the memorial of the ancient gods. Except for the Resurrection, this was the nomenclature desired by the Quakers in England in the seventeenth century. They wished the days to be numbered like seven convicts, instead of being called by the names of seven gods. The Judaic way of reckoning Monday as the first day is scarcely what one would have expected in Russia. It is probable that nine out of every ten Englishmen look upon Sunday not as the first but as the seventh day of the week. The recitation of the fifth commandment in church has no doubt helped to fix this view on the English mind. Children at Sunday-school and catechism frequently argue the point with the instructor who tells them that Sunday is "the first day of the week," and say, "Please, the commandment says it is the seventh." The impression is deepened by the term "week-end," now universally applied to Sunday. "The Sabbath," by the way, is the name given all over Europe to Saturday. It is *Sabbato* in Italy, *Sabado*

in Spain. It would appear to be difficult for anyone acquainted with European languages to be a Sabbatarian. Thus while all over Northern Europe the names of the days are entirely heathen, in the South five out of the seven have Gentile names. Besides the sun and moon the gods remembered every week in Latin countries are Mars, Mercury, Jove, and Venus; in Teutonic lands, Tiu, Woden, Thor, Freya and Saturn. How near we are brought to the Pagan past of our forefathers by the slight difference in the spelling of the familiar names in this verse of the old Scots ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens":—

They hoysed their sails on Monneday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may,
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Woden's Day.

The dominant chord of the week seems always to be struck by Thursday—*Donnerstag*, the day of Thunder; *Giovedi*, the day of the Thunderer (Jove). One thinks there must have been some sultry Thursday in deep German woods, filled with an intense foreboding stillness of the spirits of every stream and tree before the thunderstorm, when Thor smote his great hammer for the last time before he passed away for ever. They heard coming nearer and nearer through the stillness the footfalls of One before Whom they fled.

For the Galilean has conquered the days of the week. We call them by Pagan names, but to us they are full of Christian gloom and brightness. Sunday is the day that the Lord has made, the day of the Creation of Light, the day of the Resurrection when the Disciples saw the Lord, the day of Pentecost when the Spirit was poured out on the world. An old English proverb said that "Sunday and Thursday are cousins." Thursday is the holiday all

over Europe. This is of course because of the Ascension. It is also the day of the Institution of the Eucharist. There are out-of-the-way places in the Apennines where a lighted candle is placed in the window of every house for a few minutes every Thursday evening. According to a tradition dating from the second century, Our Lord instituted the chrism after the Last Supper before He went out into the Garden of Olives. In the East as well as in the West the holy oils are prepared and blessed each year on Maundy Thursday. Monday is the only day left by the account in Genesis without a blessing—a fact which gave rise to a world of comment and speculation for fifteen hundred years. A mediæval writer says that "Satan was created on Sunday and fell on Monday." The sad days of the week are Wednesday and Friday—the days of the Betrayal and the Cross. The Holy Week Wednesday is called "Spy Wednesday" in Ireland. But according to the Christian doctrine there are no unlucky days. The great Friday itself is not "evil Friday" but "Good

Friday." Again, the old rhyme says:—

Friday's child is loving and giving.

Under all the brightness of the old Pantheism there was something terrible and grim. The old gods and demons and spirits of wood and water were hostile to man. They were ironical, mocking, menacing, pitiless. In the flaming crocus meadows and the fragrant pine-woods of that old world there fell upon men's hearts a nameless fear. Our word "panic" comes from the fear of Pan which fell upon the terrified shepherds at midday, the supernatural horror which they felt at his approach. But in that strange new teaching before which the old gods fled there was at the heart of things goodwill, "the kindness of God towards men." There was a purpose and a plan stretching from end to end of time, from the first Sunday when it was said "Let there be Light," to the last Saturday which, according to the tradition, is to see the world's end and the Second Coming, and to usher in a new heaven and new earth.

The Outlook.

R. L. G.

A TRIUMPH OF CHARACTER.

The science of political dynamics, if such a science exists, has hardly penetrated as yet to the Near East. For if anything is more remarkable than the energy and competence of the Young Turks, it is the ignorance of their critics, both Turkish and Western. The first revolution of July took the whole world of diplomacy and journalism by surprise, and was, indeed, at first regarded by the persons who direct foreign policy merely as a fresh aggravation of the Macedonian chaos. The counter-revolution of April 13th was hailed with obvious pleasure by the "Times," and, indeed, by nearly all the

English correspondents in Constantinople as the final overthrow of the Young Turkish movement. To-day one looks back in mere amazement at such folly. For the Committee of Union and Progress is clearly much stronger now than it was in July, and it displays the calm, the moderation, and the intelligence which come only from conscious strength and unruffled courage. On both occasions it was not only European observers who were in error. For all his army of spies, the Sultan knew little or nothing of the organization that overthrew his despotism in July. Last week the idea that the Committee

had grown nerveless and unpopular must have been shared not only by its European and Levantine critics, but by some of the clergy, by all the so-called "Liberals," and, perhaps, by the Sultan himself. The root of it all is, we believe, the reluctance of the average man of the world to admit what is at bottom a moral force into his daily calculations. For centuries the East has seemed to be changeless. For centuries the Turk has seemed to be the prey of a temperamental lethargy. Amid the inertia which corruption and self-seeking found their opportunity, only one ideal factor seemed to be real—the appeal to the ignorant masses of a primitive religion which could, for all its many merits, be easily wielded by fanatics and intriguers. On that ill-omened Tuesday the green flag had been waved, the *hodjas* had preached, and the soldiers, with someone's money in their pockets, had shouted for Islam, the Sheriat, and the Sultan. At once the men who think they know the East concluded that it is, if possible, more changeless than ever.

But for one circumstance they might have been right, and that circumstance is the moral integrity and the elevation of character of the young officers who have come under the influence of the Committee, of its Positivist teaching, and of the winning nobility of such a man as Achmet Riza. We do not suppose that the men of the Third Army Corps at Salonica differed originally in intelligence or opinion from the men of the First at Constantinople. They have responded differently to the same stimulus of religion and conventional loyalty, simply because they trust their officers. For three or four years past these officers have consciously set themselves to acquire a moral ascendancy, to teach and inspire, instead of merely commanding. That was the real strategy of the Committee. It has been splendidly justified. The rank

and file in Salonica doubtless know even better than the rank and file in Constantinople, that some of their officers may be lax Moslems and radical politicians. But they have had time to learn also that they are good leaders, sympathetic teachers, honest patriots, and men who will not sell their comrades or their companies for promotion or backsheesh. Military critics tell us that the march of the Third Army Corps on Constantinople has been a very competent performance from a professional standpoint. It is, to our thinking, much more than that. It is the victory of a band of men who have made character their first concern. The Young Turks have always despised Constantinople as a place hopelessly corrupted by Palace influences and Levantine finance. Constantinople, in its turn, had evidently despised them as "idealogues" and dreamers. It realizes to-day that they are very "practical mystics."

Before these pages are in the reader's hands the terms of the Parliamentary army will doubtless be known—and executed as soon as they are known. The one concern of the Young Turks will be to render impossible, but by a minimum of change, the repetition of the reactionary plot. They will certainly do what Kiamil Pasha refused to let them do at an earlier stage—break up the Sultan's Praetorian Guard. They will, of course, punish the men who were not only mutineers, but murderers, for only when the present censorship is withdrawn shall we learn the whole truth about the cold-blooded slaughter of Young Turks which followed the mutiny. The fugitive deputies will be restored, and the fate of Tewfik Pasha's stop-gap Ministry is hardly worth considering, for even the Rump Parliament had studiously refrained from according it any vote of confidence. The actual authors of the plot to terrorize Parlia-

ment have been guilty of a sort of treason. We shall be surprised if they have the courage to await their fate, and still more surprised if the young Turks mix vengeance with the punishment which some of these persons have richly deserved. A section of the clergy—but probably not the more enlightened section which is largely represented in the Chamber—was mainly instrumental in rousing the soldiery and the mob, and perhaps it had a share in fomenting the Armenian massacres which broke out in Adana, when for a moment it was thought that reaction had triumphed in the capital. These men did after their kind. More contemptible has been the part played by the self-styled Liberals, who, in their jealousy against the Committee, stooped to ally themselves with reaction. The conduct of these persons goes far to confirm the suspicions which our correspondent entertained of Kiamil Pasha and his clique two months ago—that he was even then meditating a *coup d'état*, and would have dissolved the Parliament, with the aid of the Palace troops, if the Young Turkish majority in the Chamber had not promptly driven him from office.

The critics of the Committee have blamed it for its “dictatorial” methods and for its anxiety to retain influence in the army. We shall hear less of that charge in future. It is only because the Committee controls the army that Turkey has escaped the fate of Russia and Persia after their civilian revolutions. At present and for some time to come the effective choice lies between the Committee and the officers on the one hand and the Mohammedan Union and the soldiers on the other. The central fact of the situation is, we are afraid, that only two sets of politicians are men—the Young Turks of the Salonica school and the extreme Clericals. The Cham-

ber, save for its declared Young Turkish members, has shown itself opportunist and feeble. Some groups, notably the Greeks and the Armenians, abstain from voting on all critical occasions. Others veer under outside pressure. The withdrawal of the declared Young Turks left the Rump utterly inert, unable to make up its mind either for or against the Tewfik Cabinet. We do not know whether most European Parliaments would have behaved better, or whether any of them would have awaited the mutineers as the Roman Senate awaited the Gauls in the Forum. But clearly such a Chamber requires a strong and courageous controlling force. The Pashas of the old *régime*, from Kiamil to Hilmi and Tewfik, are only fit for the position which the Committee assigned them—executants of its will, officials who may usefully serve it with their administrative experience.

The only force which exists is the Committee itself. It has bayonets behind it. But it would be a gross mistake to suppose that for that reason it rests simply on brute strength. On the contrary, it is only because of its high character and its rare intelligence that it retains the bayonets. Only those who knew something of the passions and suspicions which seethe in Macedonia can gauge the whole significance of the success of the Salonica Committee. It had to hold its soldiers, accessible to religious and personal loyalty. It had to hold the Bulgarians, who might have thought the possibility of a civil war among Turks the ripest occasion for self-assertion in all the history of their race. It had also to hold the Albanians, who combine hatred for Turks and Bulgarians with a curious personal loyalty to Abdul Hamid. To succeed in all three feats was to repeat the miracle of July. The soldiers marched; the Bulgarians and some Albanians actually volun-

teered to march beside them. That was more than a triumph either of force or diplomacy. It was the test of a long period of trial, and it meant that in a land where no race ever before trusted another, the Young Turks are making a nation out of chaos.

The task that confronts them to-day is still enormously difficult. They have to make something out of this timid and nerveless Parliament. They have to put manhood into feeble Ministers. They have without money to take up the immense business of constructive reforms. They must somehow work in the provinces with officials who may all be as trustworthy or useless as those who allowed the old habit of massacre to return in Adana and Mersina. Hardest task of all, they have to impose themselves on the remoter Asiatic regions, where as yet their influence has scarcely begun to penetrate. Like everyone else in Turkey, they have probably learnt something from a crisis which so nearly jeopardized all their achievements. To us it seems doubtful whether even the gain to their organization from keeping their ranks clear of placemen and self-seekers, is worth the loss to their country involved in the self-denying ordinance which forbids them to take office.

The part which diplomacy has played in this crisis would make a curious study, for which the materials are not yet available. Each Power

The Nation.

seems to have suspected the others of supporting the Sultan against the Committee. That Sir Edward Grey has personally retained his sympathy for the Young Turks we are fully convinced. But there are grave reasons for doubting the tact with which he has been served by the Embassy staff in Constantinople. It seems to have allowed itself to contract a firm alliance with Kiamil Pasha, whose own conduct has been more than suspicious, while his associations with the "Liberal" plotters and their financial backers have been ruinous. The "Levant Herald" and the "Times" contrived between them to convince the Young Turks that they had lost the sympathy of official England. Their complete victory has already brought back the more than ever unstable "Times" to their side. But the simple and generous attitude of disinterestedness and trustful friendship has been seriously compromised by these infidelities. What part has been played in them, respectively, by finance, by personal ties, or by diplomatic complications caused by our Russian partnership and the feud with Germany, is difficult to measure. The general idea has often seemed to be rather to use Turkey than to help her. That, we are sure, was far from being the attitude of Sir Edward Grey. A new chapter has opened. It will be marked, we hope, on our side, by a less nagging criticism, a less calculating friendship.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Seven years of patient editorial work have gone to the preparation of the Cambridge Edition of the Poetical Works of John Dryden, which the Houghton Mifflin Company publishes in the familiar and substantial form chosen for that edition of standard

English poets. This work has been done by George R. Noyes, Ph.D., assistant professor in the University of California, and the fruit of it is a volume which, for accuracy of text, thoroughness of scholarship, and abundance of illustrative material compares

favorably with the preceding volumes in this series. We have in these 1,000 double-column pages all of Dryden's undoubted poetical works, original and translated, except his dramas, and, with the exception of some hymns, all that have been attributed to him with any show of reason. The material is arranged chronologically, a plan which exhibits the growth of the poet's mind, and his relation to the life of his times. This collection of Dryden's writings is not only more complete than any other which is generally accessible, but, as the editor has painstakingly collated every line of the text with the original editions, there is as complete an assurance of accuracy as is possible in an undertaking of such magnitude. In the Notes, Dr. Noyes has made use of a portion of Sir Walter Scott's commentary on Dryden, which accompanied the edition of Dryden's works which he edited a century ago. A photogravure portrait and a vignette showing the King's Gateway, Trinity College, Cambridge, illustrate the book.

The hero accused of being a person of whom he has never even heard is not altogether new, but in Mr. Van Rensselaer Day's "A Gentleman of Quality" the coincidences are so fortunate that young readers and ignorant readers will declare them to be incredible if not impossible. To an observer of history, or even of his own life, they will not appear to be either, and, in the end, their number will be seen to be less than that apparently disclosed in the early chapters, and the story will assume an air of perfect probability. The principal character is a faithful servant, who when his master disappears immediately after his wedding, conspires with the bride to deceive the world into thinking that the two are on their wedding journey. Exactly a year later the good servant

pounces upon a young American whom he meets in the street, hails him as his master, and taking him home presents him to the bride, who has been hiding in her own house, as the missing man. She is thoroughly persuaded of the truth of the assertion and circumstances force the American to accept it, and the world never discovers the substitution. The author's way of effecting these apparent impossibilities is exceedingly ingenious, and the book is far beyond the average in cleverness. Robert is possibly a little too able as a manager, a shade too unselfish in spirit, but he is not impossible; and the girl's very good qualities heighten the mystery which permeates every chapter until the last, preserving the interest aroused in the earliest pages. The story is, however, thanks partly to the author and partly to the proofreader who should have supplied the gaps in his knowledge, absolutely beyond belief in two matters. No man could, at one and the same time be Earl of Ashton, Lord Hertford and Lord John Makepeace Hertford. No son of an earl could be "Lord John" unless his father should, after his birth, be advanced to the rank of Marquess, for the son of an earl is "the Honorable" so and so, and nothing more. That he should be at the same time, an earl, a "Lord John" and a "Mr. Jack" is still more preposterous. Neither can a girl be Lady Mercy and Miss Mercy at the same time and whichever she may be, when she marries the Earl of Ashton she becomes Lady Ashton, and is so called, as "Lady Mercy" could be applied only to the unmarried daughter of a Duke, a Marquess or an Earl. The frequent repetition of these two errors really disturbs the enjoyment of any reader moderately well informed as to British usage and they should be corrected in the second edition which so clever a story is certain to have. L. C. Page & Co.